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THE JOURNAL

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THE JOURNAL

Since 1889

The Literary Magazine Of Wofford College

Volume LXXXIX: Number One

October, 1977

THE JOURNAL

Editor
Sally Nan Barber

Poetry and Photography Editor
Robert Cannon

Prose Editor
Dale Hinote

Art Editor
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Sally Nan Barber
Kathy Thomas

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Cover: Pencil Drawing
Lee Holroyd

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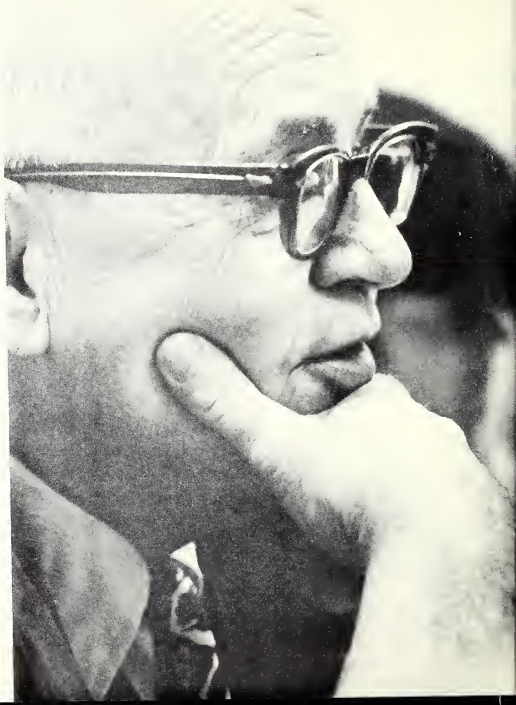


Dr. Phil Covington

The Mattock

Dennis M. Dooley

For Phil Covington,
senex sapiensque magister

You were too old to start anew,
Too long at books and themes,
The mind's perilous dance,
Distant as play of gull in wind;
Too old to clear the land and make a home.
But you did, or tried, so I helped
(Myself perhaps too long at books):
Ground to be broken, a garden laid.

Thus I to discover again the mattock:
The honesty of ash joined to muscle,
The forgotten delight of knees buckle,
Swing and thrust of the tool
Into the rich, dark warmth of earth,
The twist of hips to set the blade,
Roll of recoil to scoop, turn
And prepare the soil for coming seed.

But you not too old nor I so long away
To have forgotten all man tricks.
I: trimming, taming the unkempt yard,
Gathering, burning the dried brush.
You: wary of fronds, in praise of rakes,
"Spike the base and pull quickly away."
For there he was, rising slowly
To darkly slide into the marsh.

You were too old, I perhaps too young.
Nevertheless you did, or we tried,
To found a home, keep a place,
Lay a garden and trim a yard.
And after, we sat on the dock,
Shared cigarettes and beer
And watched the tide come upon the marsh,
Quietly, foolishly, as men do.

"The purpose of Wofford College is to function as a liberal arts institution of superior quality." So begins our official statement of purpose. A liberal arts institution is one committed to liberal learning. But what is liberal learning, and why should students in the last quarter of the twentieth century choose this particular form of education? I should like to offer answers, admittedly tentative, to these questions and in the process give one man's view of what Wofford College is about.

In my judgment the aim of liberal learning is the development and practice of human excellence. Human excellence is an end in itself, not a means to another end. I agree with Robert Hutchins who said, "Liberal education is education that men acquire for no other purpose than that it helps them to be men, to lead human lives, to lead better lives than they would otherwise be able to live."

This view of education seems tame enough but the fact is it enjoys little support. The majority of people see the aim of education as something other than the development of human excellence. Most view education as career preparation. One gets an education because it enables him to get a job or a better job and hence make a better living. Now making a good living is not itself a bad goal, but as a goal it is inferior to the goal of living a good life, and it is the latter that Wofford seeks to equip its students for.

If the goal of liberal learning is human excellence, then what is human excellence? I doubt that it yields to a precise definition, but another sentence from our statement of purpose helps a bit:

> All members of the Wofford community should develop intellectual curiosity, independence of thought, maturity of judgment, self-discipline, religious faith, and moral character so that they will be ever sensitive to the duties and responsibilities of good citizenship and render effective leadership and generous service to the communities in which they live.

Although I refuse to accept career preparation as a worthy aim for liberal education, I do claim that liberal education is practical education and that liberally educated persons are well-equipped for employment. Liberal learning provides a person with a broad spectrum of viewpoints which he may bring to bear on a problem. When a liberally educated person confronts a complex situation, he has at his disposal a humanistic perspective from which to view the human element of the situation, a religious and moral stance from which to see value issues and make value judgments, an economic perspective with which to deal with the economic component of the situation, a scientific perspective for treating those aspects of the problem

amenable to the scientific method, a quantitative perspective with which to obtain, analyze, and interpret data for use in making sounder decisions, etc. The liberally educated person brings to situations a variety of viewpoints. He brings more. He brings an ability to think with clarity and precision, an ability to sequence facts logically so that a conclusion emerges, and an ability to communicate that conclusion effectively.

I defy anyone to deny the practically of such an education.

In my judgment liberal education is the superior form of education, the ideal of education. It is superior first of all because it has a superior goal. Other forms of education seek improved job performance or economic advancement. These are important, but they are distinctly inferior, as goals, to the development and practice of human excellence. Liberal education is superior because it provides as a base for specialization a wide variety of perspectives; other forms of education provide only the specialization. Liberal education is superior because it encourages more contact with the great thinkers through whose vision we see our own circumstances in new light. Liberal education is superior because it is the best context within which to learn to form independent judgments. It provides not only a basic understanding of important disciplines but also a way of thinking needed to form valid judgments.

Wofford is proud to be about the task of liberal education. the superior, practical form of education whose aim is human excellence.

Dr. Robinson is chairman of the Mathematics Department at Wofford. This article was originally published in Wofford Today.

Across the Satin Slow

Running wild over stepping stones
Listening to every sound
Birds on high, or flying by
Mating calls, lullabys,
listen closely

Standing in high grass are doe and fawn
Peacefully grazing, danger is distant
Watching such beautiful creatures
Survival, just survival are their only woes,
looking closely

All was once like this, but changes are due
To cause destruction of such beauty as this
Between man and natures phenomenons
I wonder how such a place could stay destruction before now,
wondering closely

Skipping stones across the satin slow
Ripples, just ripples glimmering
Through the misty morning light
Still is the morning and yet this day,
is already dying

You know?

The Dancer (II)

Jimmy Smith

I can see her,
waltzing with the sixth of seven spirits,
sinking into his soft transparence,
turning about in rhythmic circles,
her gown floating out till it covers the entire floor.

Five spirits sigh
and leave for home.
The seventh smiles, waiting.

"By the Sea"
Randy Tolbert

Dreary

M. T. Jackson, III

On sullen days
in bluish haze,

rain is but a

murderous

decrystallization of ice.

In groaning rivulets
it stagnates and dries
beneath the sagging clouds
of my weary eyes.

"In Memory of . . ."

Vernie Marsh

The wind blows---
A bridge collapses,
A life is consumed.
In the celebration of life amidst death,
we build new bridges to span the gaps
in memory, to cross the bad water below.

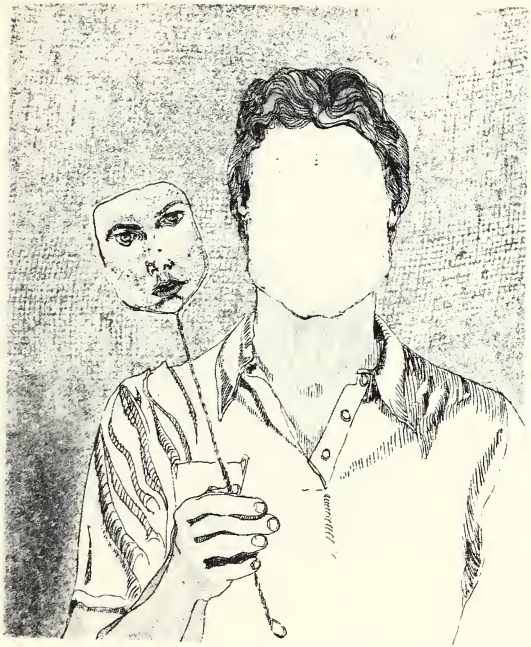
Melanie sends me sex in a Care package.
Wrapped in brown paper: very prudent, you know. . .
Of course, I've never really seen her in sunlight.
Dad liked Melanie, I think. . .
Mom said she was good for my social progression.
(Moms are nice people, but a little foggy, don't you think?)
She died in Durham, Melanie that is, though she shot
    herself in Richmond.
(She once said she wanted to die in my arms)
I never did miss her though, because
Mom sends her love through the mail.

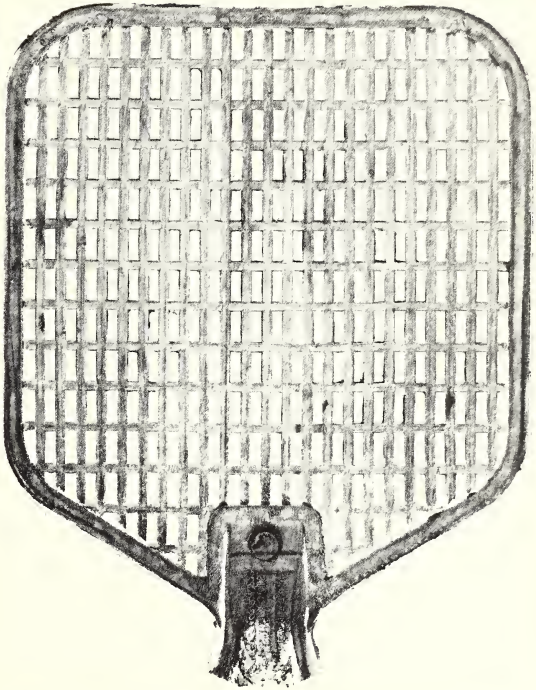
A-Sitting on a Rock

12 **Kathy Thomas**

I'll tell you everything I can, there's little to relate,
I'll show you all my genius and leave the rest to fate.
A poem from Through the Looking Glass I do attempt to alter.
I haven't had much practice so forgive me if I falter.

I went to school and met a man whom everyone called "Doc."
We had a talk one afternoon while sitting on a rock.
"Who are you, aged man?" I said, "and how is it you live?"
And this simple answer was all that Harrington would give.
He said, "I look and contemplate the wasness of the is,
Then ask some stupid students to explain it on a quiz.
It's not supposed to be complex; I'm giving them a hint
When I urge them to reply through least astonishment.
But I was thinking of a way to make them understand
That nature has not finished with the forming of her land."
And having no reply to give to what the old man said,
I stared at him in silence as he tampered with my head.
He said, "We hunt for trilobites that sleep in beds of clay,
Or worm tubes on old coastlines as they rot in their decay.
And that's the way"—he gave a wink—"by which my time is spent.
(but time is only the measure of the duration between events.)"
And now if e'er by chance I take a trip to canyons grand,
Or step upon a conch while throwing frisbees in the sand,
Or drop upon my toe a heavy granite block,
I weep, for it reminds me so of that old man I used to know-
Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,
Who caused me anguish in my woe,
With whom on Greyhounds we would go
Through Meso-, Ceno-, and Paleozo,
Which helped my knowledge grow and grow,
At Wofford College long ago,
A-sitting on a rock.





Dr. David Duncan Wallace gives an account of the significance of "To a Cotton Mill Worker" in his History of Wofford College. The poem was written by Peter R. Moody, a member of the Wofford Class of 1937, as an assignment for an English class and was then published in the April, 1937, issue of *The Journal*. However, two local newspapers reprinted the poem, heartily criticizing and condemning Moody. As a result, some of the insulted, angry mill workers came on the campus one night, threatening Moody(although no violence ensued). Dr. Snyder, the President of the College called the local labor leader and tried to arrange a conference. No conference took place, and for several days the danger of mob violence was thought to be real. Both Dr. Snyder and Moody wrote apologetic and conciliatory letters to the Secretary of the Central Labor Union "regretting the publication of the poem and assuring the Secretary that Moody held no such opinions of the mill workers as a class."

Nonetheless, a state legislator from Spartanburg introduced a resolution "declaring Moody. . .to be either insane or a criminal and dangerous to the public if allowed at large; and therefore resolved that the Superintendent of the State Hospital be requested to send a psychiatrist to examine him." The resolution passed, and Dr. E. L. Hoerger spent an hour "examining" Moody. Afterwards, the doctor "reported to Dr. Snyder(but not in the same words as he used to the alarmed law makers) that Moody had more sense than the members of the state legislature."

According to Dr. Wallace "the whole affair was deeply significant of class prejudices and explains many things in South Carolina politics and social life." It is interesting that a poem published in the Wofford College *Journal* could have such social and political ramifications throughout the state. However isolated the Wofford community seems to us today, in reality the College is a part of the world environment and the various political, social, and economic groups into which it is broken down.

Your shoulders are humped and your head is bent; your dull dead eyes are spiritless and your mouth is just a hard straight line in a yellow face under the blue lights in the mill.

You are diseased and unhealthy looking, standing there in your faded overalls, with one suspender loose. Your voice is cracked, and your throat and lungs are lined with cotton.

Every night the whistle blows and you plod home to swallow your bread and beans, comb the cotton from your straggly grey hair, wash your wrinkled face, and then lie down on your hard, unclean mattress until the whistle's blast calls you back to your machine in the mill.

In these close, four-room green and yellow houses, filled with soot from the mill's smokestack and dust from the road, you breed countless children, dirty and ill-fed, who will grow up to take your place in the cotton mill.

You are narrow-minded and ignorant, you with your six years of schooling. And you are afraid, afraid of your bosses, afraid of being laid off.

You are desperately frightened by knowledge. Therefore you shun it, and are content to stay a coward.

Recreation for you is in talking baseball and in seeing, on Saturday nights, some cheap Western movie full of guns and rope and horses and fights. And your pleasure is wasting your nickels in the drugstore slot machine.

On your day off, dressed in your shiny cheap suit and dingy white shirt, you come down to the village square and sit in the sun in front of the company store and spit tobacco juice on the sidewalk from between your decaying yellow teeth.

You gossip with the other factory bucks, and miss the clamor of the mill.

You join a union and pay your dues. And you attend meetings where loud-mouthed bunk-shooters shout lies at you and yell against the stretch-out, and tell you that if you strike and lose your jobs, you will no longer be poverty-stricken. And you believe them.

These mealy-mouthed hypocrites tell you that you are the salt of the earth and the bulwark of the nation, and then grab your dollar contribution "to the cause" and put it in their pockets,—while your children go without shoes.

On Sundays you put on your red tie and go to church with your consumptive wife. And, while she goes in and sits on the left side of the narrow wooden church, you stand outside, you and your cronies, and spit tobacco juice. And then you go in and sit on the right side away from your wife.
You hear the preacher speak of Christian living and high ideals. What do you know of high ideals, you broken, sixteen-dollar-a-week mill hand?

Listen, lint-head,—you are just another poor, illiterate, cotton mill worker. You stand with a thousand others just like you for five days a week, eight hours a day, running and watching and nursing and tending a power loom, all for forty cents an hour.
What do you know about life?
What do you know about music?
What do you know about art or literature?
What do you know about love?
What *could* you know about anything?

You are dead!
You died on your sixteenth birthday when you went to work in the cotton mill.

Majestic Ball of Fire

Barnett L. Blair

Sitting under my bed,
Made on stilts,
Looking out my window,
As maple branches move mysteriously;

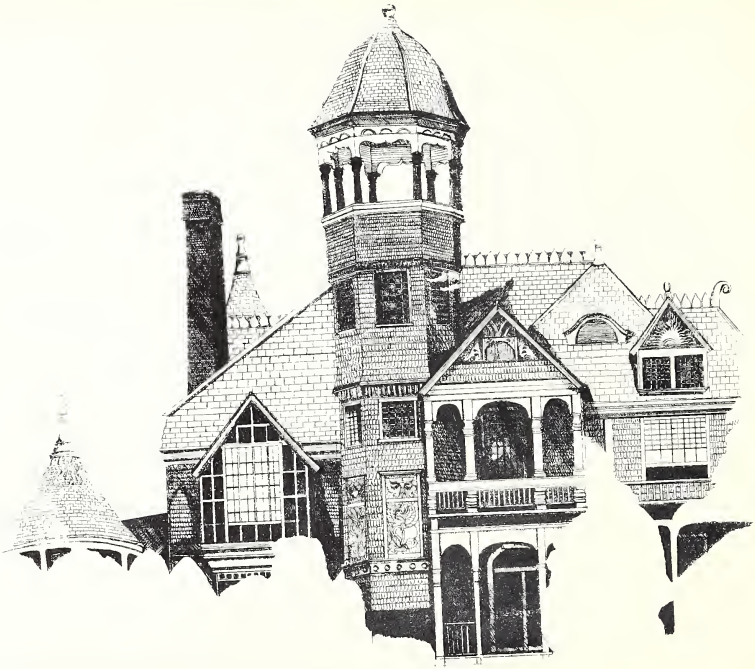
Is it the wind,
Or the tree stretching,
That causes the branches,
To brush against my window;

I wish it would stop momentarily,
Cause the flutterings,
Block my view of the rising sun,
In the far distance;

I should be on the Otter Cliffs,
At this moment watching the sun rise,
At this moment I would be seeing,
The gulls squaking at the ball of fire;

With nature at hand I would be,
Free to experience first light,
And the warming of life around me,
By that majestic ball of fire;

But, alas I am only sitting,
At my desk, under my bed,
Made of stilts,
Looking out my window.



Spring Shower Coming

Robert Cannon

Before the rain falls,
grass smells sweet and the air

begins its stirring.
Sweat mixes with the sweet

blooming of flowers
as men complete their toils.

But others still seek
the last warm rays of sun

before the drops come,
before the rain does fall.

Dream

Dimitrios Nalbantis

Three lonely oak trees
and a house on the hill,
and the sea,
endless like your soul.
Everything sunk into autumn's melancholy.

I

A wearied oak bowed
Its leaves in shriveled array
To shield a confused sapling
Scorched by a mid-summer day.
Wrinkled trunk so quickly fallen,
Bent limbs tossed cruelly aside,
Stripped of the wooden fibers
Once the heart of the tree inside.
This sentinel lay widely strewn
Along a dusty, backwoods path
As a tribute to the fury
Of the axes' impartial wrath.

II

Yet the sapling was salvaged
Beyond the dying waste
As a heritage remembrance
Surviving the woodsman's haste.
With such a latch was fashioned
And nailed upon a pasture gate;
A passage for the daylight,
A barrier when evening falls late.
The fence separated the land
Only by the latch could one pass
And move freely upon the pasture
Which accepts weeds along with grass

III

Her shallow steps no longer trying
For she is confined to her senses.
Surrounded by white-clad boards
And ruled by latch-locked fences.
In her medicinal loneliness
Denied light and pasture grounds,
She utters her life's wisdoms
That echo deafly as lost sounds.
Her spirit so desperately burdened
Transcends to the world outside
Only to peer back with sadness
To the place where the aged must hide.

IV

"A pittance of twilights hence
I shall pass beneath the fence
as grass on coldest ground.

Lost greening silently brings
A chill upon wearied wings
which wither cruelest brown.

Within the caves, voices moan
'Come forth as wind over stone.'
a butterfly lies in snow.

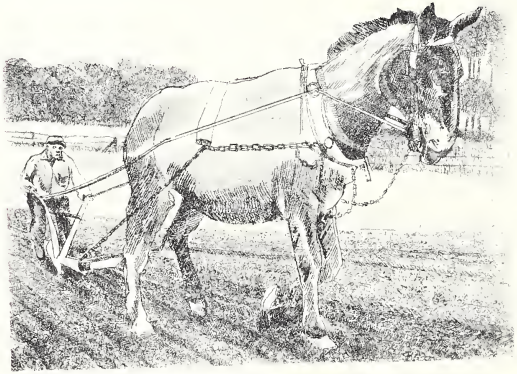
Conceived, you must now reveal
That ruts deepen beneath this wheel
upon paths others bestow."

The Killer

Jimmy Smith

He's got killer eyes
and a killer grin,
wears the skins of animals
he killed himself,
has muscles that strain,
anticipating victory,
arms that uncoil,
letting go death.

And now he's killed
the biggest and the baddest.
Let's make him king.



Etching and aquatint
Grant Chittenden

M. T. Jackson, III

And he a newspaper editor.

By his hand the world is chronicled
and its secrets documented. All day long,

he has poured himself through articles
as the drainage chased across white paper.

Entering the habitual bar, capillaries recede.
He is hanging upon the coatrack

the image. An abstract tie and tightly
pressed coat are released. An embroidered

handkerchief dabs the flecks of moisture,

once sweat, upon the brow. A knock,
well delievered by arthritic metacarpals, pierces

the ring-marred mahogany.

Once indulgent, now coffee as black as
the stain soiling younger hands. Deeply lined

features scan the inscribed lines as the
inky, black coffee settles. The frame coagulates

to sooth the rhythmic clamor of the
presses imprinted in his whitened skin.

TO THE TWO TOWERED TEMPLE OF LEARNING

Woe unto him that resteth his chariot in the resting place of the wise.

And word came from high, "Go ye and number all the chariots, the chariots of the wise and the chariots of the unwise, number them all."

Woe unto him that driveth his chariot who has not numbered his chariot.

And word came from high, "Go ye and tax all numbers on chariots and cause the chariots which are not numbered to be cast out."

And word came from high, "Go ye and make the curb pure white and let only the wise rest their chariots there."

Woe unto the unwise that resteth his chariot on the curb of pure white.

Word came from high, double woe unto the wise and the unwise who rest their chariots on the most holy curb of pure gold. Woe unto the chariot that resteth or letteth his chariot wheel fall upon the golden line.

HEAR YE, ALL YE BOTH WISE AND UNWISE WHO WILL SCOFF AT THE RULES, YE WILL STAND IN JUDGEMENT AND COINS RENDERED FROM YOUR PURSE.

Notes: From W. D. Dill

Oral, Billy, and myself are working around the clock to get this new word out to the multitudes.

WE TRANSLATE, SO FAR, AS FOLLOWS:

UNWISE* --- Students

WISE* ------ Faculty

Below are some scattered bits of further translations.

LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER BOTH WISE & UNWISE AND THE TEMPLE SHALL PROSPER AND THE UNWISE WILL BECOME WISE HENCE MAKING ROOM FOR THE UNWISE OUTSIDE THE GATE.

AND I SAW THE NAME CARLISLE BLDG. RISE FROM ITS RUINS AND BLESS THE TWO TOWERED TEMPLE OF LEARNING WITH BLESSINGS UNTOLD.

FOR OUT OF IT CAME ANOTHER GREAT BUILDING CALLED THE CENTER LATER KNOWN AS CARLISE CAMPUS CENTER.

Sunlight Twinkles

blue sky on a monday afternoon
high on a hill like that of a dune
looking out over so far
and still thinking how apart we are

like that of mind and that of reason
feeling like a man of all seasons
just trying to answer and find out
what our feelings are really about

walking along a well trodden road
crossing cart ruts once heavy with load
summer sun beats down upon my back
brows wet for the handkerchief I lack

losing sight of cloudless sky and you
sitting down, eyes closed with no real view
lonely I am from being away
close to your body where I once lay

shaded by delightful memories
while sitting between two willow trees
sunlight twinkles through the trees at me
eyes slowly open and blink with glee

loneliness is for no one like me
I am like a rainbow; free
just searching for a little happiness
for nothing more and for nothing less

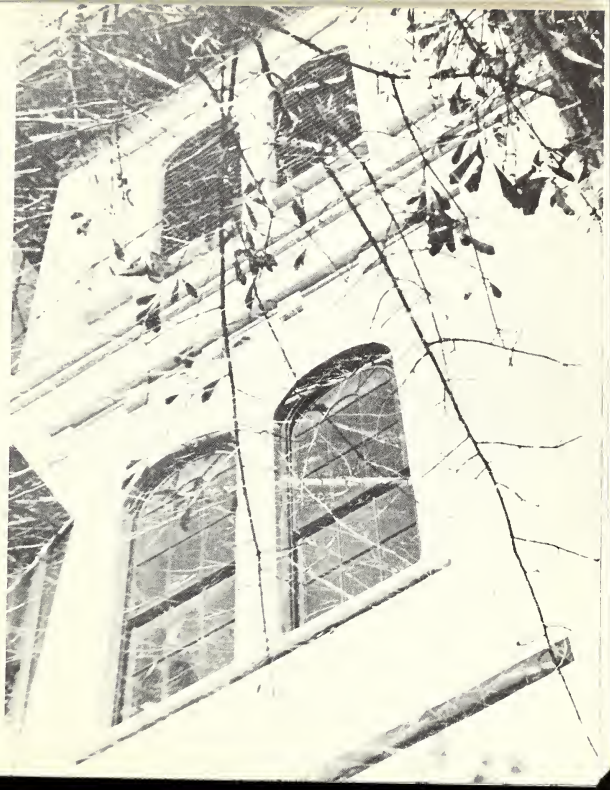
Spb. City

Dale Hinote

Tobacco and spit dry on the sidewalk;
Iridescent brown crusts catching the sun.
Flashing the spectrum of light up
From chipped cement to chipped eyes
Fractured and stung by the cold.

Our peaceful village has grown.
Layer upon layer of soft brick
Has sprouted from the clay,
One story, two stories, twelve,
And down again.

The mouths of empty boxes
Suck the red slime to feed
Nomadic parasites who gorge themselves,
Then flee in bright shells
To their plastic New South Nirvana.



"The Tower"
Randy Tolbert

Wine makes men mad.
The lack of it
makes them angry.

Ode From a Woodsman

Jesse C. Brinson

I'm a lumberjack
and that's Okay.
I work all night
and sleep all day.
I work down by the river
and sleep beneath the stars.
I put on women's clothing
and hang around in bars.

The Pain of Youth

Chris Romine

Sometimes I think of days long ago,
When I'd hardly a care and nowhere to go.
The days seemed forever, my life full of glee;
I was myself, young and free.
But then something happened, I don't know quite what,
With the doors to my freedom fastened and shut.
Today I now wonder just what I have gained
Other than maturity and adulthood, both which I feign.
So when you reach that special age,
As I, you too shall become a sage.
Along with some lessons and a tearful sigh,
You'll advance into manhood with a nostalgic cry.

Pencil Drawing, "Sneakers"
Lee Holroyd

Territory

Interstate 85. Cannonsburg to Atlanta.

For mile after mile pinewoods on both sides.

A break now and then and broomstraw or a pasture---

Black Angus cows that look like their own shadows

Or like bottomless cow-shaped holes in the ground.

All this held back by a hog-wire fence.

In winter five or six hearth-drawn hawks

Will appear to be mesmerized by the traffic.

In summer the kudzu makes monsters at night.

But mostly the land just gets flatter and drier.

Before you come to the Eltoe exit a billboard says

"Uncle Remus Motel TV Air-Conditioned."

Room 133's where you first let me love you.

You bit the heel of my hand till it bled.

"Barns"
Randy Tolbert

"What a noble thing is an MS. MSS are what the pieces in *The Journal* are before they are published. If you have one, and wish the Editor to consider it for publication or merely give you [Her] opinion of it, you may submit it to [Her] through the Mails, or you may slip it under the door of [Her] office or [Her] *chambre a coucher* (105 Shipp) in the still of the night when no one is looking, or you may consult Dr. Lewis Pinckney Jones on the railroad timetables if you want to send it by choo-choo. If you are abnormally audacious and expectatious, you may actually walk up to [Her] and hand it to [Her]. . . ."

Unfortunately, I did not think up these witty words of information and instruction but copied them from the *"memoirs"* of A. Delaplaine. I hesitate to make any forecasts about the 1977-78 *Journal* at this point in the game. Therefore, I will let the magazine speak for itself. However, I can say that I am hopeful about *The Journal's* future. Despite the lack of prose, I was encouraged and pleased by the number of poetry, art, and photographic submissions which I received, and I want to thank all of the contributors. Our second issue of *The Journal* will be published in December, and notice of the deadline for submissions will be posted.

SNB

THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

Since 1889

The Literary Magazine of Wofford College

Volume LXXXIX: Number Two

December, 1977

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Dale Hinote

Art Editor
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We regret that "Ode from a Woodsman" (page 28 of the October issue of *The Journal*) was published as the work of Jesse C. Brinson. The poem comes from the Monty Python movie And Now for Something Completely Different.

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Pencil Drawing
A study of Horses, Polka Dots, and Letters
Lee Holroyd

Castys Manor

Karen Molony

When I'm alone
Not lonely
Just alone
I climb the ladder to a hidden, secret place
That I keep
Just for me.
It is strong there, and safe
Keeping from me the dragons of my thoughts.
But letting in the shining Knights
Of carefree fancies.
No drawbridge for protection
But a moat of love
Filled with the brackish combination
Of tears of ecstasy and despair
And floating around a broken heart or two.
The towers are as cotton candy
Crumbling at a breath
But lasting just because I want them to.
Windows are eyes
Which look out of myself at the world.
And if unhappy with the view
Return to explore my dream.
And as I probe
I find remains
Of happy times
And embryonic hopes and plans.
As I leave my castle
It slowly crumbles
And smoulders and dies.
Until I'm again alone.
Not lonely
Just alone.

I do not mean to deny the passion of Peter Shaffer's Equus when I suggest that it is very much a play about language. Psychotherapy is, after all, a matter of words. A seventeen-year-old boy has blinded six horses, and he has been brought to a psychiatrist. In an effort to understand the act and to help the boy, lives are dissected; and the dissection takes the form of talking about those lives: the boy's, his parents', the doctor's own---our own. The boy is a "worshipper" of horses--- and the dark and necessary nature of worship is a central concern of the play. A part of the horses' intense appeal for the boy is surely that they are non-verbal: they say only what he wants and needs them to say. In much the same way, the boy himself is non-verbal: his language is not really his own but a desperate and fragile construct of his mother's "tales," his father's bromidic reprimands, and a litany of TV jingles and brand names. "He can hardly read. He knows no physics or engineering to make the world real for him. No paintings to show him how others have enjoyed it." As George Steiner has observed in an essay called "The Language Animal," "We are beginning to suspect that certain patterns of anomie, of anti-social and anarchic conduct, are related to verbal inadequacy, to the inability of the grammatically underprivleged to 'branch INto' a society whose codes of communication and idiom of values are too sophiscated."

Martin Dysart, the doctor in the play, is deeply aware that his own, his culture's, his profession's sophistication is a crucial part of the problem. He tells us in the first scene of the first act that he is "All reined up in old language." And yet, it is a measure of his will and perception that his own speech is still very much alive: He rarely allows himself the reassurance of a Freudian(or Jungian, or Adlerian) label---much less the simplistic literalism of the behaviorist. (Predictably---and sadly---there are viewers who seem to miss those neat catch-phrases and who want the play to become clinically naturalistic. It's obvious, though, that Shaffer is working in a different direction: the play is much more ritualistic than realistic.) Dysart's soliloquies, for all their self-centeredness, are vibrant and moving---because of the language. They are certainly the most beautifully written. Like certain structural contrivances, they risk making us aware that the play is not only art of a rather self-conscious order but also at times uncomfortably close to art for art's sake.

Nevertheless, the character of the doctor is an impressive achievement. Shaffer has salvaged that most caricatured of present-day ciphers and has made him human. Human; vulnerable; yet also godlike, as in the final scene with the boy's mother. Ravaged by guilt---and, indeed, her own blind religiosity would seem to be at the heart of the boy's

illness---she has been driven to confront and deny her son's accusing stare; and has thereby risked further damage to him. Alone with Dysart, she tries desperately to absolve herself with "old-fashioned words," including "the Devil." Dysart's silence is perhaps the silence of her own dead God, as well as the judgment of the modern (dying?) god of psychiatry. Dysart, then, has the power of a god(or thinks that he does, and does in fact as long as there are those who acknowledge his power); but he knows that he does not have godlike wisdom or love. In the end, he, too, is up against a silence---and a darkness. "I stand in the dark with a pick in my hand, striking at heads!" And a moment later: "There is now, in my mouth, this sharp chain. And it never comes out." The pick and the chain are, of course, language. Whether he helps the boy or does him further harm, whether he acts out of human compassion or only out of professional commitment, whether he finds his own gods or comes to terms with their absence---whatever he accomplishes is likely to be accomplished primarily through language. It is all he has. It is, in a very real sense, all any of us has. But in the face of silence and darkness, it is seldom enough. Least of all when the words are blunted and rusted.

Life at Home

B. Rowe

Surf-tide sparkle in the sun,
Sand carried away.
Old shells, chipped, trodden on,
Limp away,

Finding solace in the try,
But still outward bound,
Having found nothing
Worth staying for.

En masse, with friends,
Brothers in their age,
They roll out with the newest tide
No longer able to walk.

Sunset Nears

Barnett L. Blair

Paper flowers in the windows
With a beauty that always flows
Outwardly seen by passerbys
Always caught by little girls' eyes

On a counter there sits a dime
Not for long 'cause there isn't time
Silently the coin disappears
With sun setting far,
sunset nears

The Death of a Protester by Gun–Butting

M. T. Jackson, III

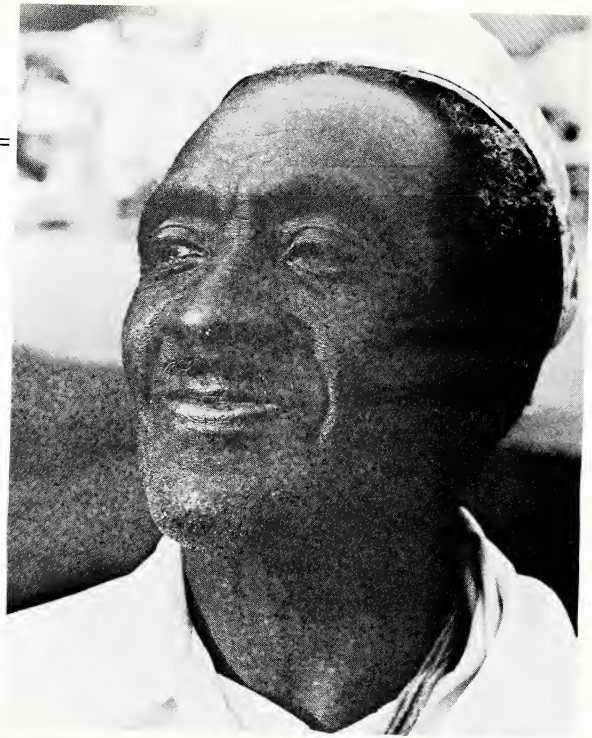
Rising with the eyes of morning,
the farmer grinds off the edge of the bed.

Old, yet keen,
like a rusty hoe scraped by the whetstone.

Despite arthritic drudgery,
he pours a coarseness into wrinkled overalls.
He must return to the garden and cultivate tomatoes.

Swelling with prosperous, red juices, each must be
protected from encroachment.

Impartial in the dawn, the farmer hoes
viciously through cutworms and flowers.
The brazened, rich soil erodes into the
streaming sweat as the struggle grows.



Photograph: Willie Beau Benedict

Conception

Life is then reduced to baseness
when you know you're terminal.

* * * * * *

you sit and stare from smoke
darkened rooms
as you wonder through your mind.
pining for past lovers. . .
(those forgotten and never remembered)
aching for the balmy breath.
you yearn for the valiant,
eyeing past a chasm of defense,
to discern a reflection
of bliss---
A Sweet Opiate of Eden.

* * * * * *

Yet, you know the origin of
ecstasy:
you've walked the streets in search of it,
you've Cained the Cat
that stalked the halls---
and you've listened under doors.

Slieve Mish

Dennis M. Dooley

As you come from Killarney to Castlemaine,
The lonely cross commemorates the plane.
High up on Slieve Mish you'll see it stand;
Beneath, the silver splendor of Inch Strand.

Bord Failte would like that.
Nice touch for the Yanks off at Shannon,
The magic and mystery of dear, old Erin.

Of course, it was a bit different welcome
For those two German lads out of Brest
Who flew smack into our Irish neutrality.

Sure God, we were neutral,
Simply a matter of foreign affairs,
For we Irish have our own dying to do.

But give us our due:
We'll honor anyone's dead.
Death is our dearest custom.

[In line 5 "Bord Failte" is Gaelic which literally means "The Board of Welcomes" or more commonly, the Irish Tourist Board.]

Dresden

Dale Hinote

Men of two minds,
My salt water farmers—
Shitkickers who sail.
Old men
Dead
Dying
To no avail,
But to replenish the earth
Great rivers
Overflowing
Roaring icy death;
Sweet soft dark water,
So slow
Bearing souls to the sea.

Ink Drawing
Grant Chittenden

Ten Days Past Due . . .

Michael R. Rodriguez

Ten days past due. . .
"Things'll work out fine!" No luck there.
Bike to fix.
Car to clean.
Hair to cut.
Books to read.
Bills to pay.
Money to find. No luck there.

Ten days past due. . .
"Sit down and relax." No, I can't,
Meetings to meet.
Plays to play.
Schools to teach.
Child to tend.
Got to sleep,
But wife to love. No luck there.

Ten days past due. . .
"Slow down just a bit." Sorry, not now.
Class to drop.
Letter to write.
House to heat.
Work to work.
Father to be,
But life to live. No luck there.

Ten days past due. . .

Grandma's Dead

Karen Molony

Paper flowers inscribed upon a wall
Burnished windows pointing towards the hall
A coat-rack, standing sentinal of weather
Tiredly stands tall.

Worn-out carpet leading nowhere
Twirling stairs disappear overhead
Twinkling through the grime enshrined
As hard as lead.

An empty rocker, creakless in the parlor
An empty fireplace, heatless in the hearth
Signs of age, grimly taking over
Sadly signal death.

The Open Window

Jimmy Smith

The strawberry blonde
with soft white thighs
fades on the page
when the lights go out.

Across the street
a light bulb shines
like a 60-watt moon
to be howled at.

Yes, That is my Muffler Singing

Barbara C. Bacon

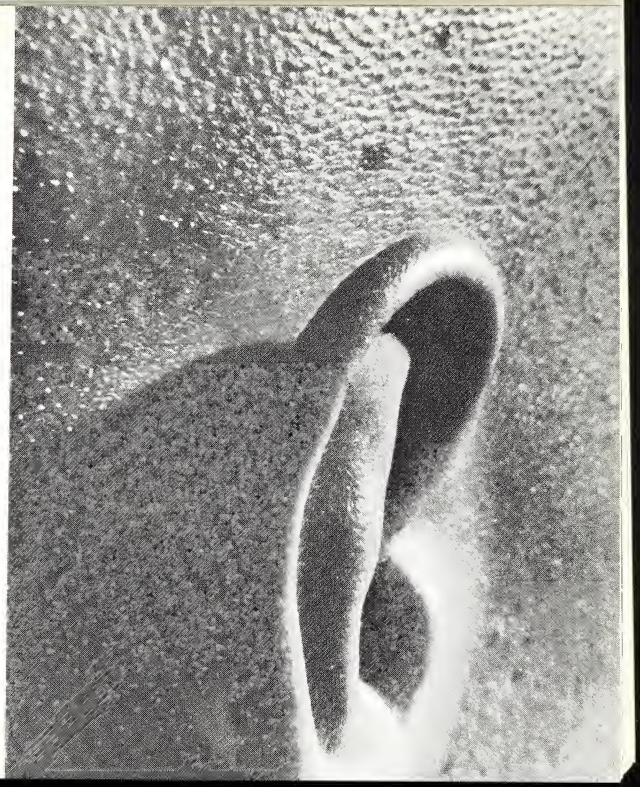
I have a scar on my right ankle
That looks like a gelatin blob
It also looks like the kind of scar
A motorcycle would make
On the poor dreamer's skin
When she happened to look the wrong way.
It is both brown and pink
Like the colors an artist swirls
On a canvas in continuous design
Without meaning or reason.
It is not a pretty picture,
But it is a real one,
Of the real world
Or so my muffler sings. . .

Untitled

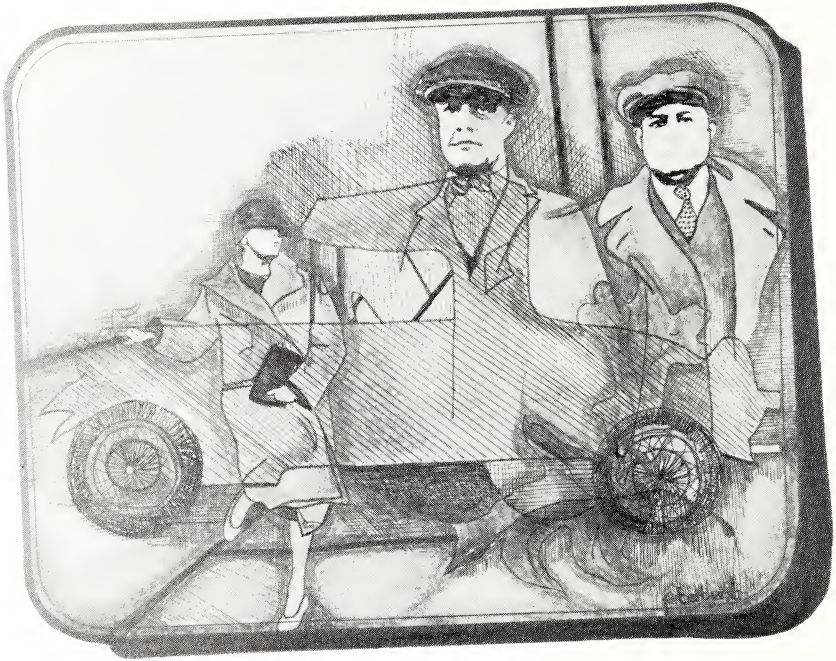
Greg Fowler

i stared into her blank face;
listless ears
and spoke
of being,
and
of being
alone

she said she knew my words,
and seemed to possess my thoughts,
yet,
when i left
it was as if
i gave something of myself away
yet,
know not where
it went
alone



Photograph: Otis Number 1
Beau Benedict



"Chauffeur Past"
Randy Tolbert

"The seniors may go."

Such an unexciting statement seems an innocuous granting of permission, but it reflects one of the basic characteristics or traditions of the "old Wofford" of at least forty-three years ago. It was President Henry Nelson Snyder's regular way of signaling that the daily-but-short chapel service(in what is now called Leonard Auditorium)was over and that all underclassmen were to stand in dutiful respect at their assigned seats while the dignified(?) seniors walked out first, followed by an equally dignified(?) faculty. This latter contigent had sat stony-faced on the platform during the just-concluded service.

The ritual for this required service was basically that of a worship occasion, included the reading of numerous announcements, sometimes involved a visiting speaker or sermonizer, and in the absence of such guests saw a brief homily by the president or the dean. Whether this regular steady reminder by these two officials(both dignified, respected, and feared)about ethical, moral, and academic verities had any deep impact on Wofford students' ethical, moral, and academic growth, one cannot testify with certainty.

Most old grads(whose memory is usually as fuzzy as it is fearless)will affirm with fervor that this routine was salutary, edifying, and effective---and I am among that group---and yet these alumni grumbled mightily against it when they were students. They do concede that they no more remember individual emphases or the talks of these two powerful personalities than they do the details of the Thirty Years' War as fought by Dunc Wallace or the procedure for identifying chemical "unknowns" as expounded by Ric Patterson---and yet they regularly insist that this steady effort in chapel by "Heinie"(Snyder) and "the Dean" (Dupre) had its effect, like the steady dripping of water on a rock. It appears that alumni who resented and resisted the requirement when they faced it valued it later. But alumni memories tend to be nostalgic and even sometimes maudlin.

Physically the campus was just as different as "chapel" was. Classes met in two buildings: Old Main, and a now-gone science hall blessed with a dome. My most vivid memory of both is one of noise---the creaking of wooden floors and of swaying wooden steps. Furnaces there were, but fireplaces still graced a few offices and stoves had only recently departed the classrooms. In chapel, it was not the heat that put students to sleep as they stared back at faculty members who confronted them from their stage pedestal where they perched wrapped in overcoats with collars turned up. Nor did comfortable classrooms make for slumber, for students sat four to a home-made bench endowed with arm-desks. One did not go from east to west through the building with the existing floor plan but dodged out into the downpours and came back in another door. The Main Building restrooms consisted of one peculiarly

dark and unsanitary facility behind the dungeon-like storage rooms underneath the chapel, and a very small and very cold one nearby for the faculty---the latter for some peculiar reason named "Gaffney." If one had "gone to Gaffney," the tactful knew that he was not eighteen miles away.

Students roosted in two dormitories: Carlisle, considered the more modern of the two; and Snyder, considered the more prestigious by the particular fraternity groups who had gathered themselves therein. (The latter, which must have housed about seventy budding scholars, stood facing North Church Street where the parking lot is now. The adjacent Archer Hall, now the Black Building, was appropriately condemned and empty.) Each dormitory had a hostess(one a truly revered saint), and each dorm had its own dining room where meals were served family-style(no cafeterias), with all eating simultaneously and noisily after a blessing. Students were summoned to meals by loud handbells which had earlier awakened them when rung raucously by joyful janitors going up and down dormitory corridors---amid loud threats of bodily harm in exchange for such thoughtful service. Meals were a very early breakfast, heavy "dinner" (at an ungodly 2:30, classes having ended at 2:15), and "supper" at 6:30. At two meals grits was standard fare, and daily at supper---fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians---there was rice(this, after all, was South Carolina). At Sunday dinner, the students(always with Sabbath coat and tie plus even a bit of decorum)received also a repulsive bag lunch to be hoarded for Sunday supper; after all, the cooks had to get time off from one of the week's twenty-one meals.

The canteen was a wooden two-room shack behind Carlisle Hall---run by student entrepreneurs "working their way through college." Stock consisted of bottle drinks, ice cream, and packaged cakes. One room contained a single barber chair manned by an unimaginative student barber. The post office consisted of a student also working his way through: Everybody paid him fifty cents a term, for which he walked twice daily to the downtown post office, picked up the mail, and dropped it off in student rooms. They complained bitterly because he made only one delivery on Sunday. Students, incidentally, traveled the same way as the mailman. The Carlisle Hall freeway to town was up the railroad track to the bridge on North Church Street, a well-beaten path that made the Carlisle crowd close associates of Clinchfield, whose steam locomotives kept their habitat plagued with smoke and noises as that adjacent rail yard was constantly used for assembling trains. (The tunnel diversion there is new.)

Why go to town? For the four downtown movies(at ten to thirty cents admission). To get to Converse. To eat at the Elite(virtually the only restaurant in the town)or to get a hamburger at night at the diner or one of the ptomaine palaces on Morgan Square. To go to the Chinese laundry. To go to one's fraternity.

Fraternity halls were two- or three-room affairs rented over downtown stores---hardly plush in this Depression era, used by the brethren for weekly meetings and housing such wild entertainment as a ping pong table and a radio. All had heavy cushions in window seats for the chief activity of the members of the lodge: leaning therefrom on Sunday afternoons to watch the race of man go by, bumper to bumper up and down Main Street and Morgan Square---and especially to pass judgment on the perambulating race of women(who were forbidden to darken the door of a fraternity hall). The Dean was regularly invited to one meeting per semester to assure him that these were not the evil dens of iniquity as was suspected by some.

Classes met six days a week, and each course ran a full year. (Some met only twice a week.) The year was divided into three "terms," each concluded with exams but then with the course continuing until June. Course offerings were not numerous; the percentage of the total for basic requirements was not greatly different from now, although more Religion was required. Seniors were required to take a once-a-week course in ethics taught by the President---in which he soliloquized on whatever he wished.

Extra curricular affairs were not drastically different from their modern counterparts. Student organizations galore existed---both active and paralyzed. Most student government decisions were made in student body meetings held after chapel---studies in pandemonium from which the apathetic majority often drifted out. There were no athletic scholarships, and Wofford power was more frequently evident in basketball than in football. (Old grads still like to remind those Paws people that the last time Clemson appeared at Snyder Field, the home team won.) In basketball, the Wofford schedule involved most colleges in the state(including Carolina and Clemson). Literary societies were dying out in the 1930's but still had their "halls" in the Main Building, dignified rooms that resembled courtrooms with pompous presidents dressed in black robes presiding from a raised dais and looking very much like embarrassed but soulful basset hounds. Freshmen were required to join a society in the hope that the innoculation would take, but two of the four were moribund refuges demanding little but providing escape routes for those seeking to meet the letter of the law while evading its purpose and spirit. (Frequently the chief sin of colleges has been sanctimonious hypocrisy.) Fraternities could not have dances, but "alumni" of chapters could---the alumni being most conspicious by their absence except for the chaperone or two who contributed legality to the occasion along with their own discomfort and boredom. For these affairs and the interfraternity "german dances," local hotel ballrooms provided the scene, along with a Woman's Club at Camp Wadsworth near the present Westgate.

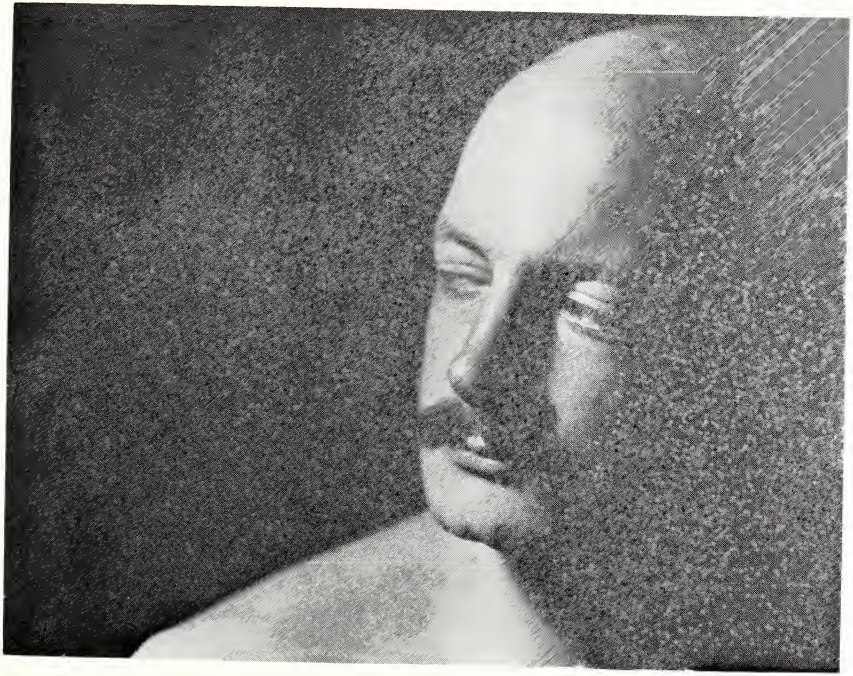
The college YMCA had weekly meetings in its own building(now the ROTC building but then a cavernous, bleak edifice mostly empty). The large ROTC unit was housed in a small wooden building(originally a gymnasium)

that stood near the present site of Burwell. Everybody had to take either Military or P. E.---at an ungodly 8:30 on Monday morning, both being heinous adventures on cold mornings when the frost was on the pumpkins, rifles, and toes.

When young people quiz old alumni about the "olden times," most of the questions are unanswerable. Financially, college was cheaper; academically, demands were perhaps similar to the present, but failure to respond was maybe not so casual, and the notorious crips not so widely or openly identified(correctly or incorrectly). Students drank(illegally), proportionately probably fewer than now, not because of the existing Prohibition but because there was less of it in the homes from whence students came. Some, however, were notorious(and often repulsive)sots. Students' backgrounds were less affluent, with more rural and "working class" homes represented. Whether those who held jobs off campus were proportionately more numerous, one can only guess---but probably more worked at dirtier and heavier jobs, especially in cotton mills. The faculty taught heavier loads than now, and some had graduate courses in addition in the afternoon. The Dean taught a full class load as did the Registrar. There was no dean of students, and the library staff consisted of one lady plus some student assistants. At the time(the 1930's), the student body numbered from 435 to 493. In comparison with the present, the Faculty was smaller: one person taught all history and economics; one taught all sociology and government; two taught all the French and Spanish; and so forth. The administrative staff and secretaries all together numbered three. Things got done---sometimes well, sometimes not so well. For this, student fees were $344 for the year---for a boarding student. The college endowment in Depression 1933 was $700,000, of which $250,000 was "unproductive"; some securities had to be liquidated to pay salaries which had been drastically cut.

One could ramble on and on(as alumni are wont to do), but "this is the way it was" on September 11,1934, when this alumnus dragged a trunk up to 327 Carlisle. It was different for and to each freshman. As always, the college was full of assets and liabilities for the entering freshman, and it was up to him which would be dominant. Then as now, he could get a good education here---and he could also depart without one---alas and alack. Hence each old alumnus relates his own maudlin, unreliable tales based on his own unreliable memories and depicted by his own rose-tinted reminiscences. Maybe you should go to the library and read D. D. Wallace's History of Wofford College. Or maybe you should just go to the library.

Dr. Jones is chairman of the History Department of Wofford. He submitted this story to **The Journal** *at the request of the editor.*



Photograph: Otis Number 2
Beau Benedict

Snows

M. T. Jackson, III

Gaping out of my madman windows
put here for delusions,
streaked by breath spit on air
making it moist for greasy illusions,

A man
behind the glass
stains across a pane.

He strips the trees
bottling the colors
(to sip later when the seasons wane.)

Often the trees
burst into chills
and sweat shade
beneath the man.

—Reminiscent of a boy
in a branch,
upwards when he can.

Scant limbs of brownest leaves
rustle the wildness of hair.
What scents of adventures
fall from thinning air?

For him comes the
peeling of marshmallows:
millions trimmed to whiten the yard.
Pleasure never melting but used as
it cools hard.

The man recedes in a warmed den
to escape an inner frost.
The dignity of penguins stiffens
when a child of frolic is lost.

Courtin' (Dublin)

Dennis M. Dooley

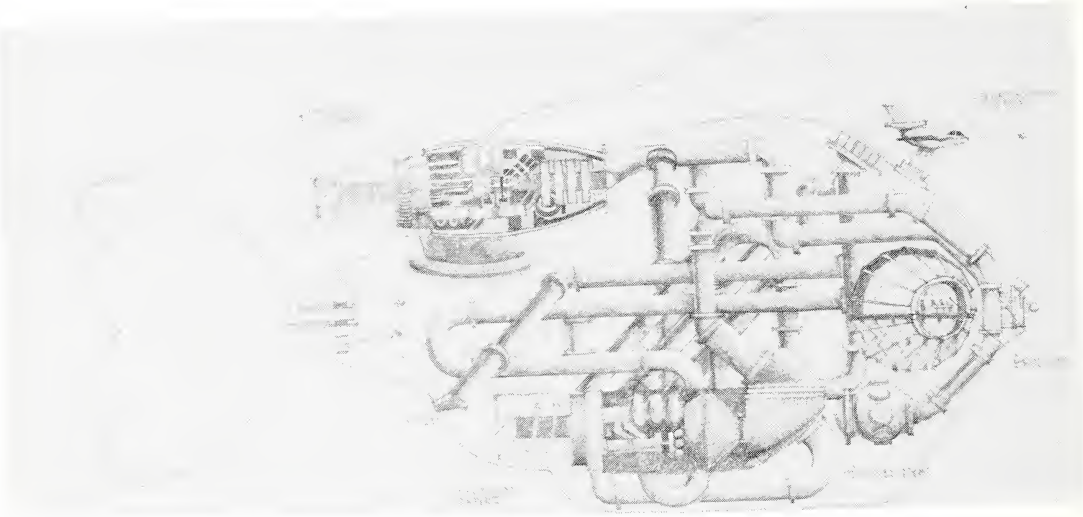
No wonder of it.
The perpetual pursuit of the pint.
The talk of horses, football, even rates.
Men alone together in blue fag-light
Caressing black creaminess.
The lit arrival and assertion of rites.

No wonder of it.
And I a young fella,
Hoping to God she's a key
And there's the decency of the hall
Against the horn
And the sure bawdry home.

No wonder of it.
The giggly, gaggly gossip of the old ones.
The jarred gibes of merry wives
At the dropping.
Frustrations of convent and modern romances.

No wonder of it.
And I a young fella,
Hoping to God of only
The gentle decency
Of a goodnight kiss.

[In line 5 "black creaminess" refers to the lovely texture and appearance of Guinness Stout.]



Pencil Drawing
Toy Fish
Lee Holroyd

Gargoyles

M. T. Jackson, III

From the age of Gothic art
Still in a hideous display,
A stonemason's parody
Does most subtly portray.

Chisels hollow a grotesque head
As a vessel for the rains.
A deluge scours the roofs
as into the mind rubbish drains.

The cavernous jaw spits its stone
Across the ages it must call.
A warning goes below and beyond
That soon it shall crumble and fall.

The stonemason's hands still sculpt
Be it intent or wit's plan.
That the vigilant statue
Is half animal and half man.

Here We Are

B. Rowe

Here we are in the southern lands,
Searching for some sunlight.
No one helps at all.

Nothing can be done or said
That will be approved of---
Maybe's abound.

Shall we have some light in here?
How about a sound?
No, I think we'll grope around

Just a little more,
Until we find enough S&H stamps
To trade in for a life.

Remembering

Tammi Caskey

I remember the times we laughed
And I laugh again . . . . . .

The time in the meadow trying to
catch the yellow butterflies
And failing . . . . . .

I remember the times we smiled
And I smile again . . . . . .

The time we watched the children
play in the park, planning ours
And dreaming . . . . . .

I remember the times we rejoiced
And I rejoice again . . . . . .

The time our football team was behind
when we scored the touchdown
And shouting . . . . . .

I remember the times we sang
And I sing again . . . . . .

The time in the rain when we sang
our own special song
And skipping . . . . . .

I remember the times we cried
And I cry again . . . . . .

The time we spent together in
the end holding each other
And dying . . . . . .

These things I remember when I am
alone and need you.
And feeling lost I talk to you, and
you hear me, loving
And remembering . . . . . .

Pencil Drawing
Wind-up Toy
Grant Chittenden

Cannery: Night Shift

I (Machines)

Hollow-eyed leagues march to a mighty Mechanos;
Babe of the inherited skin of a cosmos,
For a time warm and fruitful: passionate. . .
Alas, transfigured to a menopaused whore,
Invaginating thought with a turn of a screw---
Creating flesh with a sensuous score.

II (Labor)

square-black docks framed
by pepsi-blue blocks.

* * * *

sweat soaked backs stretched
to equal stained steel racks

* * * *

high, stacked cases drained
the wine mellowed faces. . .

III

Exchanging faces and lives: changing shifts.
Stopping and starting time on a card.
Half-bearded babes float far from the drone. . .
Another shift change
another night change.

Friends by 5

Karen Molony

She stood on the heights of the rolling hills behind her house,
contemplating the universality of grass.
He stood staring up at the sky, trying to find Donald Duck in
the clouds all around.

She said, "It's a shame, it's all a lie."
He said, "I've found Mickey Mouse and Pluto, but Donald's
nowhere around."

Their clasped hands negated the differences in their views.

Meanwhile, the sky surrounding them reflected the sunset's
greens and blues.
And in the background a collie browsed
Playfully with a grasshopper,
And with a squirrel momentarily caroused.

A sound came faintly to their ears
From each's mother.
"It's time to come home, dears."

And as they left the universal place, tumbling down the grade
Each recognized the friendship freshly made.

Harvey Wallbanger

M. T. Jackson, III

Too much of such left her curled in a
fetal position. Exhaustion of a soul
saturated by habits.

Confusion was rooted in the mind and
tangled throughout auburn hair. (the evening
was a memory, tomorrow but a vision.)
Fluids were absorbed in brittle dilution.

A stillness stains the wall above
the forgotten forms yet the room echoes
with vestiges of the night.

What lies beneath the quilted folds
of thread and bare? (The burden
of clashing reputations shorn.) Her
occupational love binds his friendship.

No longer the child of
the polished paperweight, his
bed reeks of loneliness warmly
pierced and dying. (Buried but not dead)

Oyster Point

Seagulls tangle in the sudden spring breeze
that breaks the back of winter. The breadcrumb man,
thinking aloud, sits on a park bench, waiting. "Out there," he says,
"are sunken chests and the bones of men buried at sea,

oblivious as the succubus wraps her bare legs
around the sleeping man and wrings the life
out of him." He distributes his crumbs, watching
as a girl unlaces her sandals.

He thinks of home and whiskey and the night he'll spend
staring into a gilt-edged memory, remembering the coolness
of springtime grass, attempting a smile
while the hungry gulls scream.

A green-eyed girl laughs at the man; she takes
two steps and you'd swear she's dancing.

Photograph
Bull Island, S. C.
Mark Young

Untitled

Greg Fowler

So long, to the younger days
eyes are upon the newborn
and we remember, but cannot.
they are of a different world
climbing their trees
rescued down by us
the us, who once were
who never will be
them
so long.

Leaves

Jimmy Smith and C. H. Nicholson, III

Leaves burnt by autumn:
colorful, taunting ashes.
I hope the wind blows.

THE JOURNAL

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THE JOURNAL

Since 1889

The Literary Magazine of Wofford College

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THE JOURNAL

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Reminder: All currently enrolled Wofford students are eligible to enter **The Journal** *SHORT STORY AWARD CONTEST and have a chance to win $25.00. Please submit all entries to P. O. Box 141. The deadline for these submissions, as well as the deadline for all of the entries to the last issue of* **The Journal**, *will be announced.*

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Lee Holroyd

Announcing

THE TWENTY-FIRST HELMUS POETRY CONTEST---1978

ELIGIBILITY: Any student registered at Wofford during the 1977-1978 session is eligible.
NUMBER OF ENTRIES: Not more than three poems may be submitted by any one contestant.

HOW TO ENTER:
1. Each poem should be on a separate sheet of paper, together with a title, but without the name of the author.
2. On a separate sheet should appear the author's name together with the title(s) of the poem(s).
3. The poem or poems, together with the title and author sheet, should be mailed or handed to:

Helmus Poetry Contest
Prof. Ed Minus (330 Main, P. O. Box 43)

DEADLINE: All entries must be received no later than midnight, 7 April, 1978.
JUDGES: Judges will be selected from the Wofford Faculty.
PRIZES: First prize---$25.00
Second prize---$15.00
Third prize---$10.00
NOTES ON PRIZES: No student may win more than one prize.
SPECIAL NOTE ON ENTRIES: Students may submit any unpublished poem, regardless of when it was written, and any poem published in the Wofford *Journal* during the present academic year.
NOTE ON PUBLICATION: Announcement of the winners will appear in the *Old Gold and Black* as soon as the judges have made their decision. The winning poems will be published in the final issue of the Wofford *Journal*.

The Quiet Time

Jimmy Smith

1. The Hollow

Stuck in the mud beside the railroad
in a concrete and shingle shell that almost cracks
when a train goes by, she watches as headlights
illuminate the cloud that's settled in the hollow.

Awakened by the midnight whistle, the dog
tied up in the Johnson's back yard barks incessantly.
Tires crunch in the driveway.

She stirs the collards and removes the peas
from the burner they've simmered upon, and peels
a sweaty lock of hair from her forehead
before opening the door and kissing him.

He sits, silent and grateful, when she serves him,
and chews a rind of fatback while she rubs liniment
into his shoulders. He feels obliged and makes plans
to repay her for staying up late, waiting.

In the summer, he will take her to the coast
and show her the forests where wild turkeys flew.

2. A Carolina girl is discovered daydreaming

It's not hard to imagine a murder tonight,
a young girl's screams caught in the
humid needles of the evergreen woods; her body,
naked on a hillside covered with Queen Anne's
lace, discovered by the paperboy who thinks of
the Life-Like Lady's Legs in the Johnson Smith catalog,
and hollers when he finds the legs are
real; chiggers molesting deputies' legs.

The work camp isn't far away. The chain gang men
pull roadside weeds in the day, stare at people
passing in cars. At night, they twitch beneath their sheets.

Footsteps behind.

3. A Connecticut woman in winter

The wind pushes leaves through the carport, and shakes
icicles from a branch down the block. Waking, she stares
at the foggy window that glows with dull moonlight.
Shivering, she looks at the faintly lit thermostat.

She steps on the bedside rug and listens to
the agitated leaves, dry and crackly as the outdoor fires
that burned for the Bangi clitoridectomy rites
long ago in Africa. Girls left their
mothers' homes and were given
homes of their own. Ashanti girls danced
at puberty ceremonies, prayed for fertile
wombs, imagined the warmth of their husbands'
fires. Didingos molded pots as their mothers did.

The woman thinks of runaway
slaves, gasping in nighttime forests, stepping
on streamers of Spanish moss while
torches burnt holes in the darkness. She adjusts
the thermostat and turns, looks at the old man
in moonlight. Then, returns to his bed.

The Sea

Tammi Caskey

You stand silent
Staring at the sea
Wondering what the world
holds for you and me.

You watch the waves
come crashing in
and know they represent
what is to begin.

You watch silently
the ebbing of the tide
and as you turned to go
the wind knew you sighed.

Your back to the ocean
the wind in your hair
the gulls knew you hesitated
before leaving them there.

The sea is behind you
the sands on the beach
but you brought with you
the lessons they teach.

You taught them to me
the sea and the sand
and these things together
helped me understand.

I saw in you the sand
the wind and the seas
these are the things
you want us to be.

ograph:
aberry Tree: Calabash, N. C.
dy Riddle

( )

Bill Rowe

Pseudo mushrooms,
Mr. Coffee. Little Miss Waitress,
With a cute smile, says
"Why are you here?"

(It's 3:00 A. M.)

Tastebuds rejoicing,
I smile at the air.
A misguided action,
It fits the atmosphere

(That being 3:00 A. M.)

Strolling out,
Meandering like a brook,
I turn once more
And smile back

(At 3:00 A. M.)

To My Sweet Sister

*****

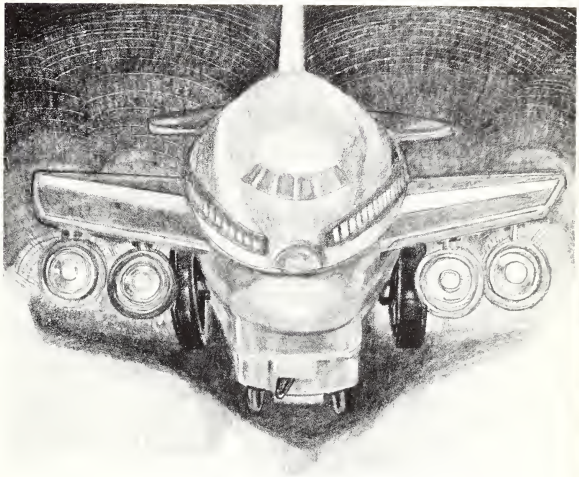
Patti Smith

I know all about you;
I know just how you are.
You think you're something special,
Somewhat like a star.
But now in reality,
Not in your crazy dreams,
Life's not a razzle dazzle;
So admit up to your schemes.
Mama really loves you,
But now I know why.
You tell her what I tell you,
And it's to me that you lie.
Listen here sweet sister,
I'll have no more of this.
If you can't keep my secrets,
There shall be no more bliss.
I think by now you understand
Precisely how I feel.
So won't you please quit
Making such a big deal
About what I do
And with whom it's done?
Or else sweet darling sister,
In our lives, there will be no more sun.

Doom of Disgrace

M. T. Jackson, III

Chilled in the dawn, gray strands
of ivy stain the fortress wall.
Martyred vines,
withered and unknown as the frightened
voice alone, fallen.
They who accused spoke their stones
of mockery against his name.
Condemnation, it was, to a death
without dying for slow is
the cruelty of shame.
The wind sounds silence
in the cracks and wounds
of one gone, cold
in the doom of disgrace.



Pencil Drawing:
Wind up Toy
Grant Chittenden

Auguste, a Man of Parts

Robert Elam

Terrible night. Not a drop of rain. The driver of the coach urged his horses through the dense forest, up a steep slope, across a rotting drawbridge, and into the courtyard of a stout castle, so ancient that its shape seemed more permanent than the crags forming its foundation. The coach ground to a halt, and all was silent, save for the tramping of horses hoofs, nervous whinnying, piercing screams, and the howls of a few hundred wolves. (This is silence?) The driver hunched his shoulders and bowed his head to avoid the elements, hoping it would rain, as he impatiently awaited the Old Man. It began to rain.

Presently the protest of hinges, rusted by such intermittent rains and the naughty village dog, reached the driver. He vaguely saw the two massive oaken doors part to reveal the Count! Yes, there stood the Count, the most evil man ever to walk this planet. He had a black soul, and not the Motown kind, either. The rain stopped magically, as if not daring to touch His Malevolent Majesty. The Count left the doorway and hailed the driver.

"Hef you brought me ze MERCHANDISE?" he crooned.

"Yes, Count Von Tuthry," returned the driver. He handed the Evil One a burlap sack. "This bag holds a spare heart, two spare hands, a spare eyeball, and a spare gall bladder."

"Vat's in zere?" asked Count Von Tuthry, indicating a paper sack next to the driver.

"Spare ribs."

"Hand zem over."

"You don't understand," protested the driver. "These are my lunch. I bought them at the Kentucky Fried Chicken stand in the village."

The Count paid the driver.

"Count," said the driver, "I miss you ever since you moved up here. Do you think, for old times' sake . . ."

"Zertainly," answered the Count. He put in his false teeth and bit the driver on the hand.

"Alvays vas too shy to be a vampire," he muttered as he turned and lugged his sack back to the castle. As he entered, the ricocheting boom of the slamming doors warned the rats in the farthest reaches and cubbyholes of the return of their landlord. They scampered, for none of them wanted a bite on the paw.

Count Von Tuthry stalked down a dank and narrow stairway that led to his laboratory. What a lab---its workbenches were stocked with test tubes, flasks, beakers, and even canned lightning for the life-generating machine. In the midst of this attroupement lay the fantastic, incredible, and unoriginal creation of his. At the moment it was a cadavre with very pretty feather stitching here and there (that goes to show you what a new Singer sewing machine will do these days) but soon it would be alive---alive to serve the Count to the end of time.

The Count wasted no time. He clocked in and immediately installed the eyeball, the heart, the two hands, and most important of all, the gall bladder. Next, he monogrammed an A. B. on the cadavre's chest. Count Von Tuthry noticed that his creation was as bald as Kojak. No matter---it gave A. B. (or Auguste Balz) a dashing, debonair air. Finally the body was strapped to a bench and hooked up to the life-generating machine. Rats! The sky was clear, so the Count had to open a can of lightning. No sooner said than done . . . the machine hummed. It took a while for something to happen, since his canned lightning was somewhat spoiled, but nevertheless, results were forthcoming. The cadavre was taking on a more healthy hue. By the time the entire body had turned green, the monster was alive. He tore loose from his confining straps, sat up, and cried, "Who loves ya, Baby?"

The Count was enthralled at his success. He clicked his heels and flicked his Bic---but this was a mistake. The raging inferno of the Bic lighter horrified the monster. He roared savagely and destroyed the lab. Slivers of glass from splintered test tubes flew like shrapnel about the lab room, while the monster overturned a workbench. He seemed unstoppable as he beat his chest with his fists and uttered horrible gurgles.

"Goody, goody!" cried the Count. "He's acting just like a human!"

After an hour the Count calmed Auguste down with a Tootsie Pop. He strapped the monster into an easy chair in one of the cavernous chambers of the castle and waited until he had the monster's undivided attention.

"Now, Auguste, mein boy, listen to vat I say. Are you listening?"

"Ugh."

"Goot. I hef created you for a very special reason. You hef a mission to run for me. You see, zere iss zis naughty village dog who keeps . . ."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The weather was improving. The thunder roared, the lightning flashed, a tree fell, and a frog got smashed.

In the village the peasants were planning another classic forray against the castle. (You can't mess with tradition.) They would storm the stronghold, capture the Count, and drive a stake through his appendix. Then they would return home, sporting their bitten hands (and feet), hoping they had finally pierced his heart. Somehow Count Von Tuthry always seemed to survive, and he let the villagers know it, with a few dozen nasty letters.

This time the villagers were determined not to miss the Count's heart. They were assembled at a rustic tavern called the Boar's Rear Inn, gazing intently at a chart, while

Herr Doktor Otto Psee lectured. With a rod he pointed to the picture of a human being on the chart.

"Zis iss his feets, und zis iss his armpits, zis iss his schnazola, zis iss his harrumph, und zis iss his ticker. Ja, zis iss his heart. If you vill notice, it is a goot foot higher than ze appendix, vich you stabbed last time. Here iss ze heart. Memorize its location . . . now repeat after me: I---must---stab---ze---Count's---heart."

"I---must---stab---ze---Count's---heart."

"Ze---heart---iss---betveen---ze---armpits," he droned on.

"Ze---heart---iss---betveen---ze---(giggle) armpits."

"By George, I tink you've got it!" cried ze Doktor.

"By---George---I---tink---you've---got---it."

The villagers, by now completely briefed, had a round of beer for luck. Another round insured this luck, and a third round promised a successful mission beyond a doubt. A fourth round made the failure of the raid inconceivable, and a fifth (of Schnaps) made the attack impossible.

Next morning the villagers braved their hangovers and invaded Count Von Tuthry's castle. One villager of Japanese origin shouted "Banzai," as the others splintered the oaken doors with a battering ram. Count Von Tuthry watched the drama from a window of the castle, and he smiled evilly as he thought of the secret weapon he had waiting for them. Indeed, Auguste was getting cranky again. He was already down to the Tootsie Roll center of his Tootsie Pop. As the villagers burst into his room, Auguste tore himself out of the easy chair and growled like King Kong's king. The villagers took one look at the raging seven foot, four inch, 450 pound monster and decided to call it a draw.

Nervously the village spokesman stuttered that they had merely come to escort him to a party in his honor at the Boar's Rear Inn. So it was done. I believe the villagers really came to like Count Von Tuthry and his delightful companion, who, sucking on a new Tootsie Pop, did the Limbo, as the villagers raised mug after mug of beer.

The thunder roared, the lightning flashed, a tree fell, and the town got smashed.

The Inn

Pen Drawing
Randy Tolbert

Winter Scene

Jimmy Smith

Children on sheets of cardboard
slide down a hill of brown kudzu.

Photograph
Bryan Blackburn

Firelight

Tom Lowrimore

The flames of the fire
conduct a symphony of light
with an occasional protest from the
    woodwind section.
A bright fight often ensues but the
conductor always triumphs
and the medley continues
until the dying ember breathes its last puff
and sparks to the stars a final goodbye.

Untitled

Jim Wilmer

Pan-faced scarecrow in animated flagellations
The rattlesnake clatter of mimosa pods
Cowlicked brown grass spun to the ground
Blackbird's gnomic glance---

Sudden flap---

Unti'led

Kevin Hawkins

Old and beaten
seldom read
are the tombstones
of the dead

Cracked and molded
seldom clean
very crooked
they sadly lean

Small and large
seldom light
heavy lids
protect at night

Pencil Drawing
Mark Hayes

Ansel

Ed Minus

1

When our grandfather talked about when he was a boy,
He sometimes happened on special memories
For which he had particular respect or affection,
Or which he had just not come across lately,
And he seemed to remember those times to himself.
His words then were like the tracks of deer
That disappear into a mountain stream.
And all we could do was sit still and wait,
Casting our eyes across his bright face,
Diving our minds like the kingfishers,
And patrolling the other side of the stream.

2

Our grandfather once had a good friend named Chap,
Whose left-hand fingers were all the same length---
The ends of the first three had been bitten off
By a horse named Joe when Chap was a baby.
"He did not remember the amputation," our grandfather
told us.
"Not back then when we were kids, anyway.
Of course if he had hung around as long as I have,
He might have remembered it all clear as day.
So many things, buried so long
Under nothing but living from day to day,
Under nothing but other things to remember---
So many things begin to come back.
Sometimes I think if I live much longer
I may even remember the day I was born."

My brothers and I believed that joke,
We began to look forward to that remembering.
We thought it would make an excellent story.

Now it's a stone buried by water.

Poor Babies Crying

Michael R. Rodriguez

Crying for answers deep inside
Though you're never sure
What the inside looks like.
But when you look out
You know it's so warm within.
And you don't leave what's warm,
Just as a child suckles the warmth
Of a mother's breast that nurtures it
And reminds it that crying inside
Was screaming to get out and say,
"World, hold me!
Keep me!
Don't harm me!"
But newborns have no words to say
Because insides have no echoes.

So we don't hear the questions
Yet we strain harder,
And harder,
And harder.
Always straining so hard. . .
For the answers.
And everything gets so frustrating
When the outside isn't warm any longer
And you can't ask for help
Because you can't crawl yet
And when you can't crawl
Then what's the sense in. . .
Poor Babies.

Pencil Drawing:
Subliminal Supper
Grant Chittenden

The Visitor

M. T. Jackson, III

A sallow chambermaid clothed in dust
shuffles from behind a closet door.
Weary and paled,
wisps of thin peppered hair,
she kneels upon her chores.
A wooden knock Friday morning
and she enters to receive her pay.
Quietly bent,
carrying a whiskbroom,
she turns and is swept away.

"Fag"

Bill Rowe

Burned down to the nub,
You try one last time to
keep smoking
and just smell bad.

You taste hot down there
at the end and purpose
of your existence,
And we put you out

In your own little dish
with other ass-ends like
yourself, never to be
lit up again.

You are discarded.
Having been burned out
of your being,
We have no need to see you again.

Pencil Drawing:
Jimi Hendrix
Tony Astore

A Parody of Erskine Caldwell

Melanie Lowe

As the hot Georgia sun rained down on the rural community of Pike's Crik, Lewis Hicklin sat rocking on the porch of his home. He was dressed in a pair of overalls. One of the straps was properly hooked across his shoulder while the other strap was hanging loose down his back. A Tattered undershirt covered his chest. Being a man who hated to waste water during a dry season, he hadn't bathed or shaved in several days. He spat a wad of chewed tobacco across the porch railing.

"Hey Neptune! You and Bobby Joe 'bout finished with that engine? If you get her running then we might be able to sell it to some sucker."

"We'll finish her up when the sun cools off some. She is just about ready to go," answered Bobby Joe.

Bobby Joe was Hicklin's youngest child. Not a child anymore though. He was now married to Rosilind. Rosilind was just about the prettiest girl in all of Georgia. Since Bobby Joe was best at working with his hands, he had remained at home fixing up cars for Pa. To look at the yard strewn with automobile parts and old automobile shells, one would realize that very few automobiles were actually fixed up.

His friend was asleep under the tree. Bobby Joe had befriended him at a migrant camp. Neptune had come home with him and never left. Neptune was slightly overweight and had a hare-lip, yet his hands were quite deft and he could fix cars like new, so he was allowed to stay.

A pretty young woman came out of the house and walked across the yard to the two men.

"You hot, Bobby Joe?" she asked.

"I sure am, Rosilind," he answered.

She sat down beside him and started fanning him with a piece of old newspaper.

"She sure do know how to make a man appreciate his wife," Bobby Joe purred.

The front door slammed as a saucy young girl came out on the porch. She was dressed in short cut-off jeans and a halter that had once been white but was now a mixture of greasy spots and dirt. Her face was heavily covered in cheap cosmetics and her finger (and toe) nails were painted a gaudy red.

"Pa, when are we going to get to ride in that car? I sure would like to go for a nice cooling ride today."

"Well, June-Bug as soon as you get your brother and Neptune to work, then we can git going," answered Hicklin.

"Pa, you know they won't move in this heat " June-Bug pouted.

"Well, June-Bug, I think you can get them to moving. Old Neptune anyway---if you know what I mean." Lewis winked at his daughter.

"I know, Pa." June-Bug winked back.

She walked over to the men and Rosilind. Sitting down next to Neptune, she put her arms around his neck and said:

"Neptune, Neptune wake up for me. Wake up for little ole June-Bug.

Neptune started up and said: "Huh! Something wrong June-Bug?" It was hard for him to believe that this attractive girl he had long admired was actually talking to him, and nicely at that.

"Neptune, I was wondering if you would do me a tiny favor?"

"Anything. You know that, June-Bug."

"Would you finish that motor so we could go for a nice, cool ride? If you do, I'll be glad to do you a favor---if you know what I mean."

"Aw shucks, June-Bug, I'll be glad to, although it's awful hot right now." He got up and kicked at Bobby Joe's leg.

"C'mon Bobby Joe, let's get this car to running."

"No, Neptune. It's too hot now," answered Bobby Joe as he snuggled closer to the fanning Rosilind.

"Aw, c'mon Bobby Joe. We want to go for a ride. I'll bet Rosilind would like to go for a ride too. Wouldn't you Rosilind?"

"Well, I would, if you don't mind, Bobby Joe," Rosilind answered.

"Okay baby, anything for you." Bobby Joe got up and started working on the car with Neptune.

After about an hour the car cranked up. With a yelp of joy, June-Bug ran and jumped in the front seat.

"Let's go; No, put the top back first, so we can really get some air." She smiled at Neptune. Neptune pushed the top back after several minutes of pushing and a few curse words.

June-Bug scrambled over the back seat and sat on the trunk with her legs dangling in the back seat. Neptune hopped in the back seat beside her. Bobby Joe got in to drive and Rosilind slipped in beside him.

"Hell fire, you boys had better wait on me. There won't be no going anywhere without me." With that Lewis got in the front seat beside Rosilind.

"Well where to?" asked Bobby Joe as the car rolled out of the yard and on to the dusty road going to town.

"I feel like a drive into Augusta," answered June-Bug. "I want to go to the ice cream parlour and see who I can see."

"Aw, June-Bug, you don't need to go all the way to find you a man. After all, you got me here." Neptune was beginning to see June-Bug had beguiled him into fixing the car.

"I know," she retorted. "That's why I want to go to Augusta!"

"All right June-Bug, that's enough. Since you're driving, you decide Bobby Joe." Came the voice of authority, Lewis.

"Well, I'd like a little ice cream myself, so Auguste it is." Bobby Joe turned and winked at June-Bug.

June-Bug, Neptune, and Pa sang and joked all the way to Augusta, about twenty miles from Pike's Crik. Rosilind sat silently against Bobby Joe, who was having a hard time keeping his hands on the wheel and off his wife.

As they neared the outskirts of Augusta, June-Bug yelled at and flirted with every male she saw. Some waved back.

They entered town and drove to the Forty-One Flavors Ice Cream Parlour. Business was a little slack at the time, so the only person June-Bug had to flirt with was the counter boy.

All the others ordered and went to the little tables in the corner next to the fan to eat their ice cream. June-Bug wanted to know the forty one flavors before she ordered. When she ordered, it was vanilla. To keep the boy from getting angry, she began asking him some personal questions.

"What time you git off?"

"About 5:00 " the boy answered.

"Well how about you and me getting together then. I just love eating ice cream, but I also like to warm things up, if you know what I mean?" June-Bug coyly smiled at him

"Well, uh, it's just that . . . well, I know what you mean but . . . " the boy stammered.

"What's the matter? You 'fraid you ain't man enough for me?"

"No, it's just that, well, I'm married and, uh . . . I ain't never fooled around before," he answered.

"Well, honey that don't mean nothing to me. I can make you forget all about your wife."

"C'mon June-Bug, you ain't making nobody forget his wife," interrupted Lewis. "Remember Neptune is here."

"Neptune who?"

"C'mon June-Bug."

"All right Pa. With y'all around a girl can't have no fun," pouted June-Bug.

All of the Hicklins and Neptune finished their ice cream and went back to the car.

"Well, where do you want to go now? Back home?" questioned Bobby Joe.

Pa answered: "I think it's about time we paid a visit to your high falutin' brother, Bobby Joe."

"You mean Sammie Lee, Pa? You know he don't like for us to visit him."

"Shut up June-Bug. If that's where Pa wants to go, then we're going."

With that Bobby Joe turned the car towards the mill superintendents' houses on Augusta Mill Road.

On Augusta Mill Road they looked on the mailboxes for Sammie Lee's name. Finally, in front of a big two story house, with fresh paint and tended shrubbery, was a mailbox with the name Sam L. Hicklin.

Bobby Joe pulled the car into the drive and parked it behind a big shinny black Packard. They all dove out of the car and headed for the front door, across the carefully tended grass and flower garden. Only Rosilind noticed the walkway.

Lewis rang the doorbell and a black maid in a stiff white uniform answered the door.

Obviously taken back by what she saw, she stammered: "May I ask who's calling?"

"Just family," answered Lewis as they slid around the flabbergasted maid and into the living room.

"We've come to see our brother," replied June-Bug as she picked up several objects.

"Are you sure you have the right place? This is the Hicklin home."

"So it is, and I'm Lewis Hicklin, and this is my family. I was also the father of Sammie Lee Hicklin once."

"What's going on out here, Florence?" asked a man of about forty as he came out of his study. When he saw who it was, he stopped still and his face began to turn white.

"It's these people, sir. They say they are your family," the maid answered.

Sammie Lee's face began to turn red with anger as he overcame the initial shock.

"That will be all Florence. I'll handle them."

The maid went out towards the kitchen.

"What do you people want?" Sammie Lee shouted in a very hoarse whisper.

"We just came to visit you son. I haven't seen you in years."

"Get out of here. This is my home and you are uninvited to ever come here. Now, will you please leave!"

"Hold on just a minute son. I came to see you, and my daughter-in-law, and my grandchildren. You know I've never seen them. Now you just bring them out here to meet us."

"You'll never lay eyes on them. I don't want you contaminating them, and I will not let you see them."

"Now hold on boy, I want to see them. Now!"

"They aren't here. They've gone to the lake for today, so you might as well leave."

"That's okay son, we'll wait on them. So you just treat us like regular company until they git here."

Sammie Lee's face reddened and he shouted: "I said to get the hell out of my home. You don't belong here. Now go before I call the police and have you removed." Sammie Lee walked over to the phone and picked up the receiver. Lewis got up off the sofa and walked over to Sammie Lee.

"Put the phone down son. If you call the police, they will find out we're your family, and I know you don't want anyone to know that. Now see here son, we'll leave if you see fit to give us a little cash."

"I'm not giving you any money. If you want money, you'll have to get out and work for it. I'm not giving you anything."

"All right then we'll stay." Lewis sat back down on the sofa and June-Bug and Neptune flopped into chairs. Rosilind and Bobby Joe stood in the background.

Sammie Lee saw the position he was in, so he gave in. He took out his wallet and handed Lewis fifty dollars.

"This all you gonna give your family, son? The family who fed and nourished you when you were nothing but a howling, red-faced baby."

"Okay, okay here's twenty more for you Pa, and 10 dollars for you June-Bug. And 10 for you Neptune. Now please leave."

"Son, you forgot your dear brother Bobby Joe---"

"I don't want his money Pa," interrupted Bobby Joe.

"Shut up Bobby Joe. Sammie Lee owes us something and you're going to get your share," answered Lewis; then he turned back to Sammie Lee. "And Bobby Joe needs a little extra for his wife Rosilind. She's going to have a baby, and she's so delicate she might need money for doctor bills."

"Now Pa. You know that isn't true," interrupted Bobby Joe. "Rosilind and I aren't having no baby."

Sammie Lee looked towards Rosilind. He was seeing her for the first time. She wasn't like the others. He could tell she was a gentle, sensitive girl, and very beautiful. Rosilind felt his eyes appraising her and blushed; then she moved a little behind Bobby Joe. Bobby Joe saw Sammie Lee's look as well. He knew what Sammie Lee would be up to next, and he wasn't going to let it happen.

Sammie Lee walked over to Rosilind and pressed a twenty dollar bill in her hand.

"Here you go honey. Go buy some pretty new dresses. You don't need to be dressed in those rags. If you need anymore, just let me know."

Bobby Joe snatched the money out of Rosilind's hand and threw it in Sammie Lee's face. "We don't want your money you S. O. B." He reached over and grabbed Neptune's money out of his hand and reached for June-Bug's. June-Bug was faster though and pushed hers into the folds of her halter.

"Give me that money, June-Bug."

"I won't do it."

Bobby Joe went after the money. June-Bug shrieked and ran over to Lewis.

"Tell him to leave me alone Pa. Sammie has gave me this money, and Bobby Joe ain't making me give it back."

"Bobby Joe, let her alone. Give Neptune back his money."

"But Pa. We don't need his money."

"Give Neptune his money."

Bobby Joe handed the money back to Neptune.

"Now give the rest back to Rosilind."

"I ain't going to do it Pa. Y'all can take his money, but I won't take from no sniveling S. O. B. who's making eyes at my wife," shouted Bobby Joe.

"Go ahead and do what you want," answered Lewis. "Well, Sammie Lee, we thank you for your generosity. C'mon everybody, let's go."

Bobby Joe threw the money on the floor, grabbed Rosilind, and stormed out of the door.

Lewis walked over and picked up the money and walked out. Neptune and June-Bug followed.

They piled into the car. Bobby Joe angrily started the car and raced it back out of town.

"That was a mighty foolish thing you did, Bobby Joe," admonished Lewis, after a little while. He retrieved the crumpled twenty from his overall pocket and handed it to Rosilind.

"But Pa Hicklin, if Bobby Joe doesn't want us to have the money, then I can't take it," answered Rosilind as she handed it back to Lewis.

"That's right, Pa. We don't want it," yelled Bobby Joe.

"Son, you forget that Rosilind might need something, and this twenty dollars will come in awful handy in buying a new car to fix up. So she is going to keep the money, and I don't want to hear anymore about it." Lewis pressed the bill into Rosilind's hands.

Bobby Joe realized that he couldn't do anything about it, yet he was so mad he pressed the gas pedal to the floorboard.

They rounded a curve flying. Dust filled the air. Suddenly, the car slapped against something. The car swerved and skidded down the road.

"What in the hell was that?" roared Lewis.

Neptune got out and went running back to the curve. The others slowly got out and examined the car.

"What ever it was, it sure tore up the side of this car," said June-Bug.

"If you weren't so hot-headed, this wouldn't have happened." yelled Lewis at Bobby Joe.

Neptune came running back to the car.

"What was it Neptune?" asked Lewis.

"It was only a nigger. God, he sure messed this car up," said Neptune.

"Well, let's see if we can make it home. Everybody get back in," said Lewis.

They got in, and the car started after a few minutes.

"I hope we make it home," said Lewis. "It's an awful long walk to make on a hot day like today. Good thing we got that twenty, isn't it Bobby Joe? It'll sure be handy in fixing this car back up."

From New Guinea

Jimmy Smith

15 Ag, 1944

I cannot stop thinking
of your peaches and preserves,
and the day that no one reminds me
that some things are not on our menu.

Teach the baby to sleep in her own bed.
I'll want to sleep with you,
even in the summer.

Songs

M. T. Jackson, III

Yesterday,
we sat in the cafe as
he ate with such passion.
Laughing
so vibrant and colorful,
he conned me for a quarter
to play
a simple, rhythmic song.
As the jukebox shook so lively,
he captured
the fat waitress
and held her for ransom
in his castle behind the counter;
or whispered mysteries of wizards
and warlocks to the fair maiden cashier.
Dragons never defeated him in any
daring fantasy.
Today,
I search for another singer, a brief song
and the chance again to sing along.

Have You Noticed a Change in the Wind?

Kathy Thomas

Once the breeze tried to tease me,
But I turned my head away from it
So my face wouldn't freeze.

And once I found a school of fish.
I caught several, but threw them back.
Water magnifies their size.

And once I nursed a hummingbird
With a ruby throat and an emerald breast.
It broke its neck on reflecting glass.

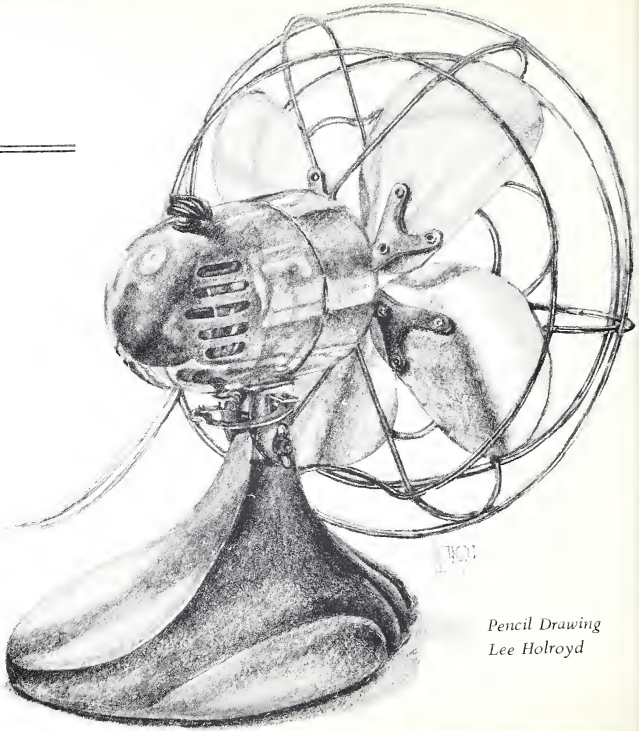
And finally my dogwood tree blossomed.
I waited for petals to float to the ground,
But the clouds sent a storm to rape it.

Photograph
Martin Fryml

Weather

Charles Hames

Pip....pip pop...pip pop..pip pop
Pisssssssssssssssssss, Uh Rain.



Pencil Drawing
Lee Holroyd

"Ratties"

Bill Rowe

Dedicated to those who faithfully contribute every
Thursday night to disco-ing down at C-verse.

Packrats.
Fallacies everyone,
They crowd around the sewage drain
that they might hear a gurgle,

Perchance to drink thereof.
Squealing in a state
of wonderment at the
suggestiveness of it all,

They perform fission once and then again,
First by gender and then by
Aesthetic preference.
Slip into a crevice and

discuss Boticelli for as short
a time as possible
and then converse on Wall Street.
Then, with stocks counted and
serious trading about to commence,
they wake up,

Packrats once more.

Etching
Lee Holroyd

Blue Ridge

Lynne Terrell

Few clouds were seen in the early morning.
The sky melted into the mountains,
The hazy blues told of a good day ahead.
The sun broke through the peaks of the ridge.
Hogback was as prickly as ever against King's crown;
The radar on top transmitted waves down to WSPA
so we could see The Waltons--tonight's favorite.
Mom always wanted to see the mountains outside
her window;
I hope she sees them before they blow away with age.

The Blasketts

Dennis M. Dooley

Emerald against the sea silvered
In the sun's magnificence,
The lonely Blasketts huddle in the wind
On Europe's black brink.

Refuge of lost sea birds,
Desolate, abandoned,
The only sound's the sway
Of half-door against the wind.

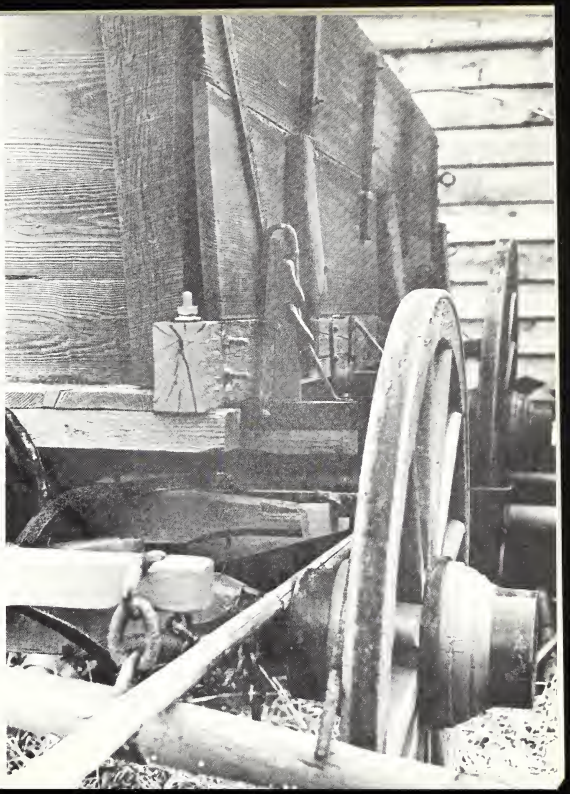
And so we, Lir's lost children,
Beat on against the wind,
Listening for landward bells.

Autumn

Kevin Hawkins

Branches hanging down,
Giving shade to all below,
Weeping tears of leaves.

Photograph:
Wagon: Rutherfordton, N. C.
Randy Riddle



Curse

Jimmy Smith

To hell with you, Milton, for writing that poem,
For asking the Muse to play on your lyre,
For casting poor Satan into the fire,
For adding more trash to Lit 201.

And God damn you Byron, and you, John Keats,
For all the damage you romantics caused
By filling my text with all your stale dross,
Your metrics and rhyme, and God damn you, Yeats!

Beyond the dark Styx, in hell's burning land,
Prometheus screams and Sisyphus rolls;
Hades shall fill with your ungodly souls:
Hitler, Atilla, and you, hand-in-hand.

And, although you scream, your pain is no worse
Than those upon whom is imposed your verse.

Saturday Night Live

Kevin Griggs

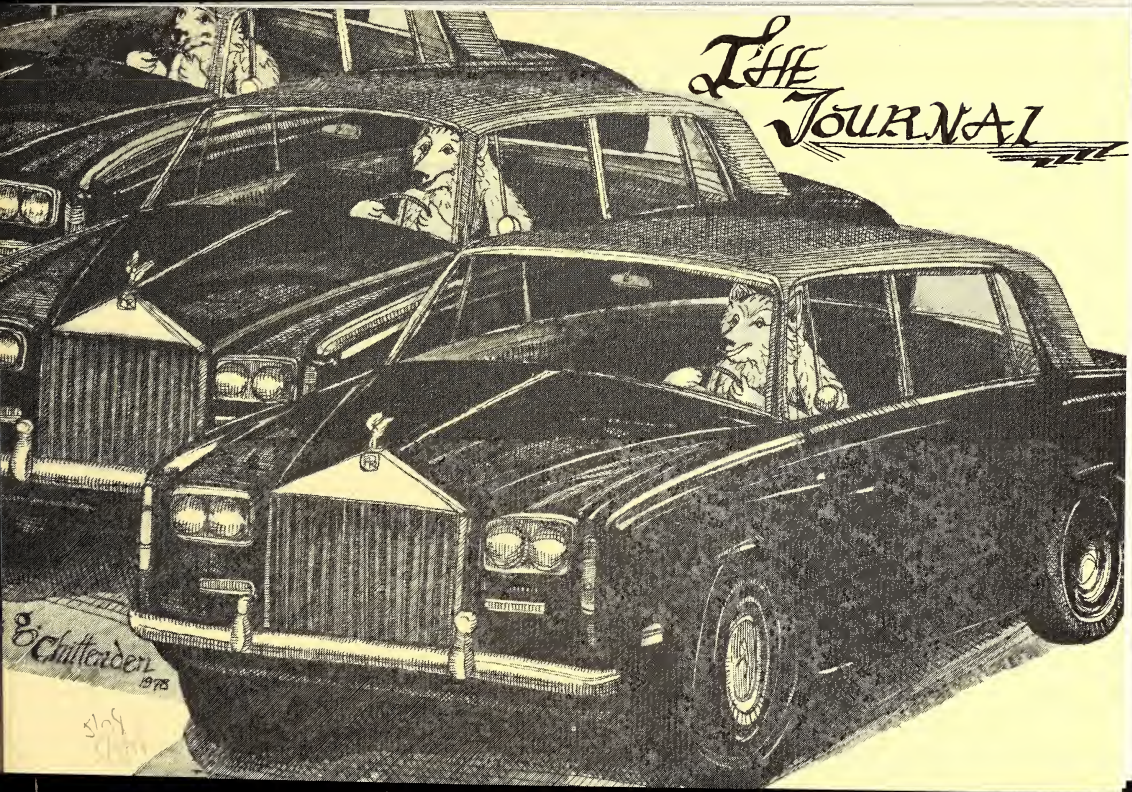
I was thinking of fathers
pacing debutante sisters
around a golden ring
when she mouthed me.
Looking up I stepped aside,
"mistletoe," I finally announced.
Then she spun words in my eyes.

Through thought stammering speech
I considered something profound to say,
"how nice --- to know nothing, and still
get full credit for being alive."

The glassy-eyed girl simply smiles
a glance,
and the silvered tree faithfully blinks
and winks at all who stare.

(apologies to Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. The idea of the quote comes from *Slaughterhouse Five.*)

THE JOURNAL



THE JOURNAL

Since 1889

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THE JOURNAL

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Announcing the 1977-78 winners of **The Journal** *Short Story Award Contest:*

1st Place: "Rendezvous" by Bill Rowe (printed in the May issue)

2nd Place: "Auguste, a Man of Parts" by Robert Elam (printed in the March issue)

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The Search

3rd Place, Helmus Poetry Contest

Earl Scott

I once walked in the blue desert
And examined the grains of sand—
One by one.
I would toss the blue grains
Into the red sky—
One by one.
I would stare at them
Until they faded in my hand—
One by one.

There must be something more.

I once formed bonds of glue
With other specks of dusts—
One by one.
I would see that the bonds got old,
Broke them, and formed new bonds—
One by one.
I was constantly examining them
For a bond that would truly last—
One by one.

There must be something more.

I once spun yellow tops
Till their tips wore off—
One by one.
I would smash green glasses
Into tiny pieces—
One by one.
I would chase wildebeest
Until they dropped dead from exhaustion—
One by one.

There must be something more.

I came across three great shafts of light in the dark
And tossed them in the air—
They are still there.
I stared at them
And tried to destroy them—
They are still there.
I form bonds with them
That never grew old—
They are still there.

There is nothing more.

Black Magic

Jimmy Smith

The girl in the blue sweatsuit, sitting by
the court, tapping the red asphalt with her racquet
as she waits for her turn to play, has discovered
the rhythm of the tides and Georgette Magritte's secret.
I adjust my game to fit her drumming, and
double-fault when she floats away, part of the sky.

Notebook

Bill Rowe

You have a cardboard cover
and you are held together
by a kinky piece of wire.
You hold together three separate courses–

English, Science and Philosophy.
But the loose sheets you hold
inevitably flutter away
with the wind,

and I can't help but think
in looking at the words scribbled in you,
that I'm gonna have
trouble graduating.

The World's Oldest Profession

Tom Lowrimore

There is an old lady who in her time
knew of men in their prime.
And now she thinks of years gone by
when how was asked but never why.
She doesn't regret nor try to remove
the sin, the sweat, the grief of love.

For love was sweet when it came
and when it didn't she felt the same.

The Astronomer (III)

M . T. Jackson, III

Lover of celestial dance
gaze on a distant romance.

As Venus whirls,
evening gowns no longer hide
pale stars within the thighs of morningside.

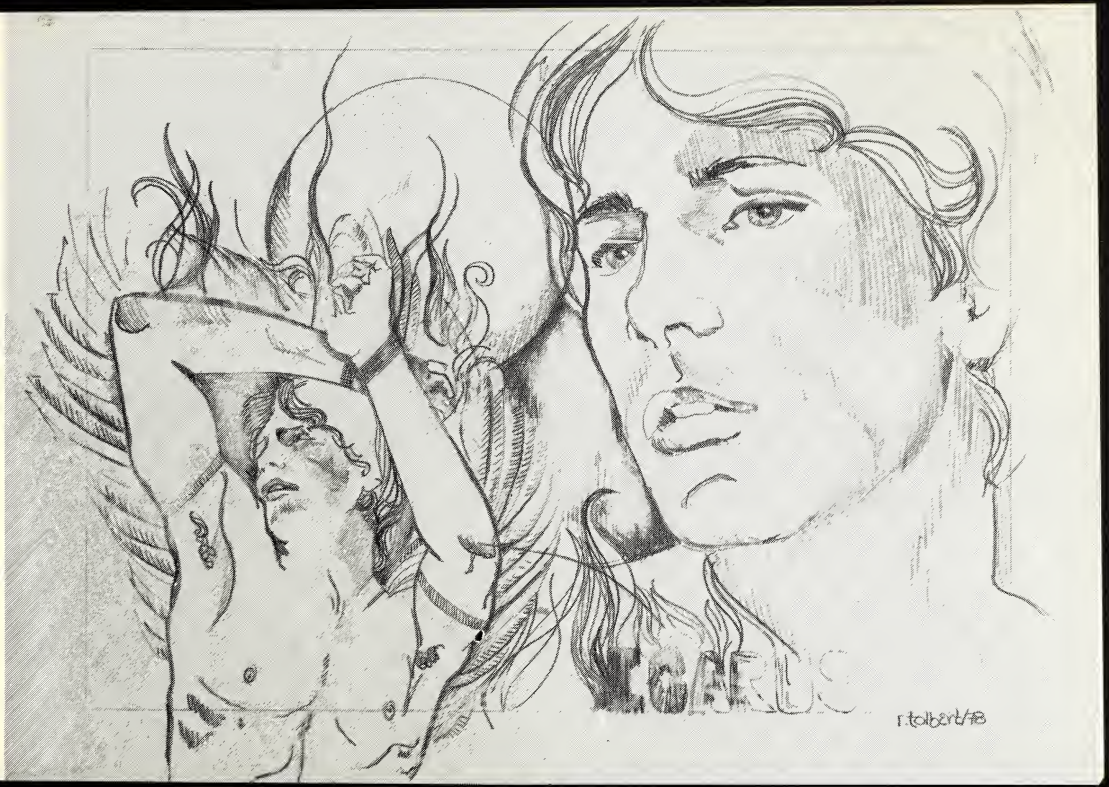
Secret Memories in Between

Michael R. Rodriguez

Old house in the fields
I had a fantasy so real
gray room at the top
and they say they never come true,
the sheets were cool and burning
but I believe differently now
spring breeze at midnight
about the world in your heart—
passion slept with me last night.

Skin like calm waters
Maybe it was meant to pass on
tongue was melon sweet
to someone else another time
coal hair and lemon eyes
She came and stopped me while walking
hot touches and each other
and led me to her home,
passion slept with me last night.

Early morning sunlight
Envy me, my fortunate Fate
awaken in a room time passed
happening like it did happen
perfect in its setting
a taste from heaven, a test from hell
all alone by myself
and I never could have dreamed
passion slept with me last night.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The Quiet Time

Jimmy Smith

1st Place, Helmus Poetry Contest
Reprinted from the March Journal

1. The Hollow

Stuck in the mud beside the railroad
in a concrete and shingle shell that almost cracks
when a train goes by, she watches as headlights
illuminate the cloud that's settled in the hollow.

Awakened by the midnight whistle, the dog
tied up in the Johnson's back yard barks incessantly.
Tires crunch in the driveway.

She stirs the collards and removes the peas
from the burner they've simmered upon, and peels
a sweaty lock of hair from her forehead
before opening the door and kissing him.

He sits, silent and grateful, when she serves him,
and chews a rind of fatback while she rubs liniment
into his shoulders. He feels obliged and makes plans
to repay her for staying up late, waiting.

In the summer, he will take her to the coast
and show her the forests where wild turkeys flew.

2. A Carolina girl is discovered daydreaming

It's not hard to imagine a murder tonight,
a young girl's screams caught in the
humid needles of the evergreen woods; her body,
naked on a hillside covered with Queen Anne's
lace, discovered by the paperboy who thinks of
the Life-Like Lady's Legs in the Johnson Smith catalog,
and hollers when he finds the legs are
real; chiggers molesting deputies' legs.

The work camp isn't far away. The chain gang men
pull roadside weeds in the day, stare at people
passing in cars. At night, they twitch beneath their sheets.

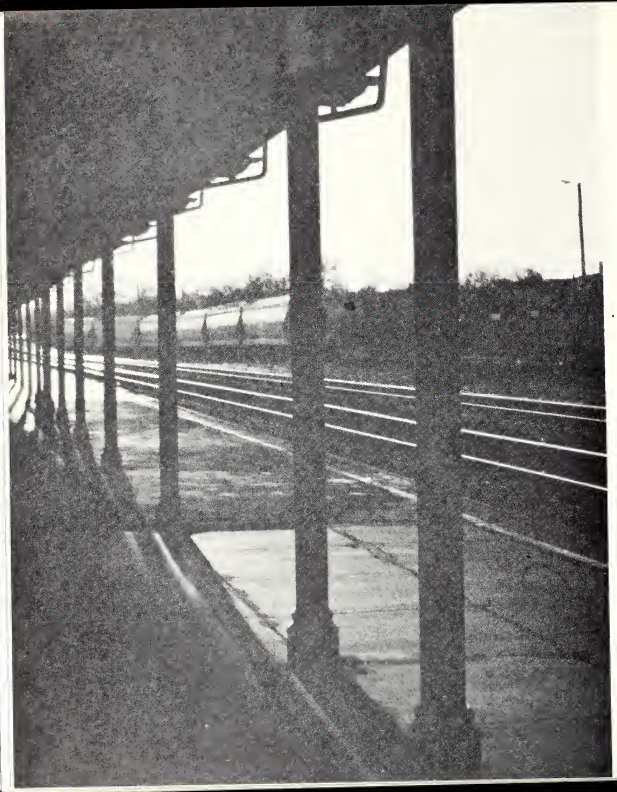
Footsteps behind.

3. A Connecticut woman in winter

The wind pushes leaves through the carport, and shakes
icicles from a branch down the block. Waking, she stares
at the foggy window that glows with dull moonlight.
Shivering, she looks at the faintly lit thermostat.

She steps on the bedside rug and listens to
the agitated leaves, dry and crackly as the outdoor fires
that burned for the Bangi clitoridectomy rites
long ago in Africa. Girls left their
mothers' homes and were given
homes of their own. Ashanti girls danced
at puberty ceremonies, prayed for fertile
wombs, imagined the warmth of their husbands'
fires. Didingos molded pots as their mothers did.

The woman thinks of runaway
slaves, gasping in nighttime forests, stepping
on streamers of Spanish moss while
torches burnt holes in the darkness. She adjusts
the thermostat and turns, looks at the old man
in moonlight. Then, returns to his bed.



Irony

Anonymous

There was an old man named Ben
Whose life was to preach against sin.
Lots of money he gave
When he went to his grave,
He's now buried amidst all that sin.

Photograph
Lisa Johns

Breakfast Shuttle

David Curry

Foreign tongues
In third class joints
That smell of cocoa
And used butts.

Hassled waitresses,
Over-bearing patrons,
With accents of Cortelian background
Or Twainian vernacular.

They should be outlawed,
Or regulated,
For hyper-active students
Lost in masses of paper
And floating away.

Morningsong

M. T. Jackson, III

i saw a willow dry,
        tears rust and crumble from weeping.
seems shifting wind always stings the old
more quickly with dust.

birds must now return,
        penitent wild kneel in the rebirth of dawn.
peace comes as when nests were embryonic and soft.

is this why the cradlesongs were whispered?
instilling lyrics of willows and wings.

Deal Island Triptych

Dennis M. Dooley

1. Ebb

High overhead the Navy jets
Dart and dive like young osprey.
Down to earth, the tide ebbs
And the Sound flattens to stillness
As the August heat rolls in,
Staunching all activity.
Only, in the wetlands, herons
Silently stalk soft crabs.

2. Norwester

The wind hisses and explodes
As the grey Sound casts about
And renews and renews
Its assault upon the sand
With an implacable moan.
Moored in creek and cove,
The boats hunker in the wind.
The men will not go out today.
Cowered in the ancient mother's ire,
We become our pagan fathers,
Huddled indoors with a drink,
Desiring a woman's warmth.

3. Ordnance Survey

It has become a ritual,
Walking the shoreline each July
As if members of a survey.
We inspected Willet's new bulkhead
Which must come in four feet.
The property was posted
But the tide still out,
So we made our survey Sound side
And discovered the tidal pool.
The crabs, like agile tanks,
Sought to corner the frantic fish.
The new tide lapped our feet,
Which, in a while, would flood the pool
And release the minnows into the Sound,
Where the blues and alewives waited.
Crabs, at least, can hide in eel grass,
That is, until August, when the cobia come.

Photograph
"à Magritte"
Grant Chittenden

Rendezvous

Bill Rowe

1st Place, The Journal *Short Story Award Contest*

There he sat.

He was just sitting there looking like a freak when I saw him. He was wearing one of those robes, you know, all tattered and dirty and you could tell he had nothing else on, no, not even sandals.

I must have watched him through the window for 10 minutes, and he never moved an inch, not even to shiver. He just sat there under that scraggly old evergreen with his face to the wind. He never even blinked, and if you couldn't see the hot vapors trickling oh so slowly from his nostrils, you wouldn't have thought him alive.

Well, I thought, if this isn't a religious fanatic of the worst kind, then the Orientals must have them hidden somewhere in the Himalayas. Still, he had to be freezing his rocks off out there, and he would probably be extremely interesting, so I decided to stroll out there and say a few words of the "You must be crazy" variety.

I got up and ordered a hot chocolate to go, paid the hostile bitch at the counter and headed in his general direction, walking quietly up from behind. When I got about 10 feet from him, I noticed that his lips were moving and many imperceptible syllables were being carried off hastily by the wind. I stopped, thinking him to be in a meditative trance and that he wouldn't want to be disturbed. I turned around and took a few quiet steps toward my car, deciding that he'd never miss me.

"Stay."

That was all I heard. I stopped dead in my tracks. Oh shit, I've awakened him, and now he's gonna ask Allah or Sun Yung or whoever to sterilize me and send me to the pit. I better apologise quick.

I turned around and walked up to him quickly, speaking as I went. "Jesus, I'm sorry! Did I disturb you?"

He finally moved, whew. He turned to face me with a quiet smile in his eyes. They cut right through me, those baleful browns of his. "No, I've been waiting for you." He shook his head slowly as he spoke and kept smiling right through me.

---CHANGE BATTLE PLAN SWIFTLY---I wrapped my coat tighter around me and said, "You must be freezing out here. Do you want some hot chocolate?" I held the cup before him.

"No thank you, I'm alright." He had a quiet confidence which took me by surprise. He wasn't a screamer or a whiner as were most of the religious zombies I had seen. It was highly intriguing.

"Are you sure? Here, take it please." I pressed the cup toward him, hoping he'd accept it, so I could get out of there.

He smiled again and shook his head. I was about to call him an asshole Krishna and leave, but he spoke again.

"Sit with me."

I just looked at him like he was a worm. Or rather I tried to. But the more I looked, the more he looked like one of those C.A.R.E. package commercials on TV, except for that damn smile that made me feel like I was the worm. Like a fool I sat.

"It's pretty cold. You should drink your hot chocolate."

I couldn't believe it. Here's a guy sitting in the wind in 35 degree weather with only a J. C. Penney bedsheet wrapped around himself telling me I should drink my hot chocolate. I almost laughed in his face, but his look changed to one of concern. I was startled as I observed how realistic it looked. I took the cap off the styrofoam cup, granting the steam its freedom and watching it run away with the wind. I took a sip and was immediately glad I did.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" I was really cold, and my windpipe being almost frozen, I figured it was about time for a nicotine fit. Besides, it might convince him that I was incorrigible.

"It's up to you," he said seriously and started looking straight through me again. I know he didn't like the idea, but I lit one up anyway, perhaps just to spite him, I don't know.

I decided to make the first move. "So, what religion are you anyway?"

"Why do you ask?"

This guy had to be joking---nobody's that stupid. "Well, when I see someone dressed as you are, it's usually because of their religion. I repeat---what religion are you?"

He never flinched at all. He just kept up with that weird stare for a few seconds. He finally smiled a smile that bordered on being sarcastic and said, "The true one. What's yours?"

That line really pissed me off---who did he think he was? "Jesus Christ!" I yelled. "What kind of answer is that?"

He handed me my own line. "I repeat---to what religion do you ascribe?" He looked very serious---and anxious. I knew he was insane now, and my anger changed to fear. I decided I better cool down some.

"Alright, I'm sorry I yelled. Anyway I'm a Christian." I gulped down the rest of my hot chocolate, tossed my cigarette butt, stood up and stared down at him. "Now, I want to know what this 'true' religion of yours is." I said it sarcastically, and he looked at me sorrowfully as he realized it wasn't a question.

He stood up and looked at his weathered hands, now dirty from helping push himself to his feet. He looked up at me, leaning forward a little, and I was amazed to see his eyes so damp. The first thing that came into my mind was "he must be awfully weak."

"I'm sorry I made you angry. Please forgive me." He turned around and started walking away.

I stood there for a second while I reeled in my tongue. Then, I said, "Hey man, you never. . . ." I let the sentence die and headed for my car.

Ink Drawing
Lee Holroyd

The Open Window

Jimmy Smith

1st Place, Helmus Poetry Contest
Reprinted from the December Journal

The strawberry blonde
with soft white thighs
fades on the page
when the lights go out.

Across the street
a light bulb shines
like a 60-watt moon
to be howled at.

Frisbee

David Carter

The fragile disc hovered for a moment,
It seems to clutch at the air,
perhaps trying to escape the
limits of its flight.

But always, the attempt is in vain.
Again and again the disc
returns to the ground,
Battered and torn.

To Paul

David Curry

The affluent society
of education and vast creations,
the mass communication
all brings assimilation
and then separation from God.

Our trashed concern
was overly idolatrous,
as our next will drown us
in the fear that
it too is false!

The Death of a Protester by Gun—Butting

M. T. Jackson, III

2nd Place, Helmus Poetry Contest
Reprinted from the December Journal

Rising with the eyes of morning,
the farmer grinds off the edge of the bed.

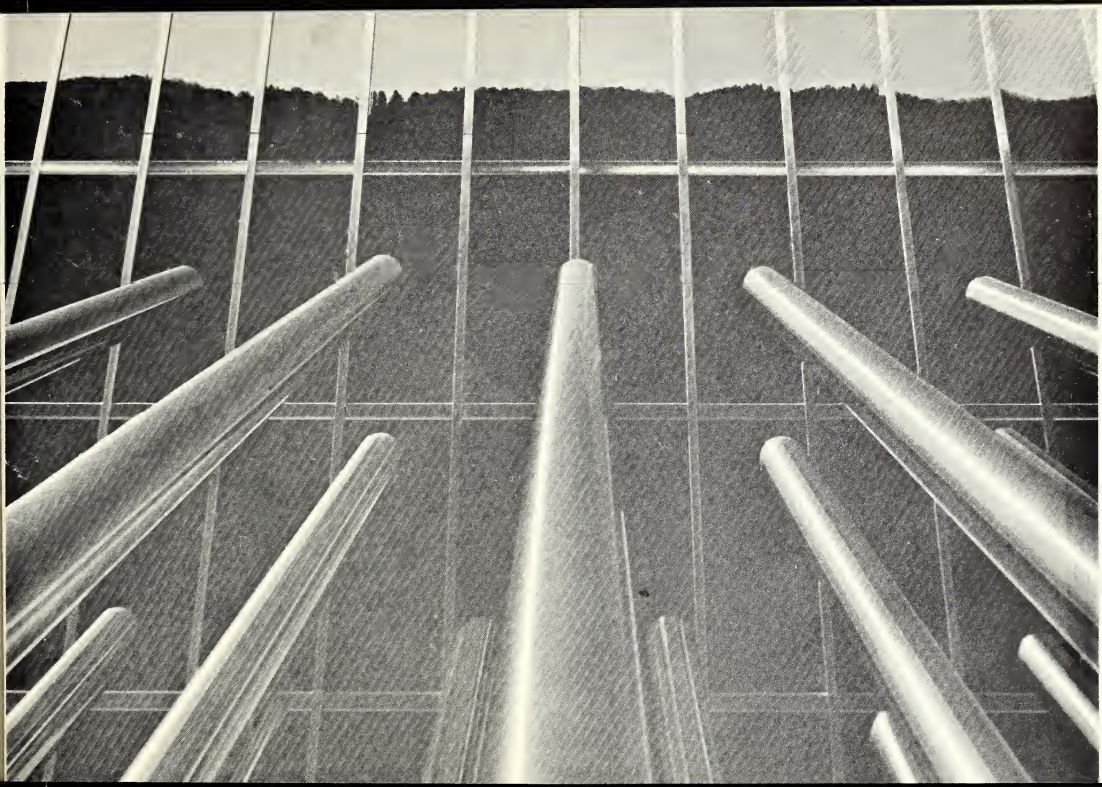
Old, yet keen,
like a rusty hoe scraped by the whetstone.

Despite arthritic drudgery,
he pours a coarseness into wrinkled overalls.
He must return to the garden and cultivate tomatoes.

Swelling with prosperous, red juices, each must be
protected from encroachment.

Impartial in the dawn, the farmer hoes
viciously through cutworms and flowers.
The brazened, rich soil erodes into the
streaming sweat as the struggle grows.

Photograph
"Landscape"
Hal Creel



Ant

Tom Lowrimore

The tiny ant crawls upon
the blade of grass
to reach the sun.
There he will bask
beneath its bleach.
Oh, the day is long and the sun seeems tired.
The ant is lazy and uninspired.

Butterfly

Tom Lowrimore

The butterflies
paint in the skies
the orange and black
upon their back.
And when these monarchs
begin their flight,
they flutter long
and seldom lite.

The currents carry back and forth,
the butters which fly toward the north.

La Mer

Bill Rowe

The sun plays on your face
as your arms reach for us
enveloping us in a
gentle embrace,

holding some to your breast forever.

Photograph
Marie Mckenzie

The Edge

Jimmy Smith

Author's note: Thanks to Stanley Levine for translating the German poem.

"A full glass, a fine woman,
And a happy song sustain the body."

I. Natalie

1. Steins

Natalie rubs the stein gently with a piece
of torn t-shirt, her fingers lost in the ridges
around the rim and the lettering near the middle.
An earthenware couple waltzes in her hand,
their smooth figures rising from the tankard.
She polishes the brass lid, the metal
rattling when she buffs the lever. She puts it
back on the bookshelf, beside the others she's
spent two hours polishing. The steins are good
as new. Natalie smiles, appreciating her industriousness.

2. Preparations

At five o'clock, Natalie turns on the radio
on the windowsill beside the sink, and listens
to the music that sifts through the static.

She opens cans, pours vegetables into pots, and puts
a meat loaf in the oven. She watches carefully,
waiting till it's time to stir. The kitchen becomes hotter.

Natalie hums the songs on the radio, or sings
when she remembers the words. When the weatherman
says the heat wave isn't over, Natalie groans.

Sometimes she hears a song she once danced to.
She sits quietly, listening as if it's a fragment
from an old sermon, watching the door.

At seven, she leaves the kitchen and sits alone
while her husband's supper becomes dry and hard in the oven.
The afternoon heat overwhelms the evening.

3. Waiting

Natalie drops a bouillion cube in a cup and
starts heating a pot of water. She walks
to the table, her feet sticking to the floor,
her breasts sticking to her ribs. Sitting, she listens
to the trucks that speed along the Interstate
while a fly crawls across her damp arms and
buzzes so close to her ears that it sounds
like it's trapped inside. At last, she swats angrily,
gasping, twisting, exasperated by its illogical
flight. Her skin tingles as if electrified. And the water
hisses before boiling.

II George

1. Unloading

Stevedores unload cartons at the quay,
slapping mosquitoes on their necks when their
arms aren't full, or listening to the hum
when they hold something. At quitting time, they sigh
and wipe their foreheads with dirty handkerchiefs.

George stands at the edge of the wharf, his skin
stretched tight across his trembling biceps, watching
a sailboat dragged across the variegated surface,
a man leaning hard against the hull, straining.
Dolphins dance about the boat.

George puts on a greasy Cat hat, and,
declining the offer of a ride home, begins to
walk toward the sea wall, hoping to get there
before the queers start cruising. From his car, Tiny yells,
"See you tomorrow." George doesn't even look at him.

2. The Irishman

Nowadays, the Irishman walks
on three legs and sips life from a syringe.
He comes to the park in the late afternoon,
when the heat's not too intense, and sits,
watching as waves brush the sea wall.

"We had everything we could hope for,"
he says. "A countess, a poet, the world's
most beautiful woman." A boat slips by
like the ghost of a swan. "And still, we failed."

George waves at the sailor. "Did people die?"

"If no one dies, no one notices." The Irishman
looks past the harbor, toward the ocean. "I would have
died." Coughing, he turns to watch the boat. "He's not
a very good sailor."

George crumples his hat and nods. "At least he's trying."

"At least." A man staggers by, a barking dog
tangled between his feet, and the Irishman smiles.
"Do you get drunk very often?"

A churchbell rings dully downtown.

"As often as possible."

"I used to, but the doctor says I can't anymore."
The Irishman squints at George. "God damn doctor."

Smiling. George says, "I have five beer steins at home,
steins taken from dead Nazis at the Battle of the Bulge.
My father brought them back from the war, and my wife
keeps them good as new. They have German poems
on them, but I don't know what they mean. I've had
them for five years, since he died."

The Irishman laughs. "Drinking from a dead German's mug. . . ."

George looks away. "I've never drunk from one.
Natalie won't let me, she's so busy taking care
of them. She doesn't want me to drink anyway."
George grins and slaps the Irishman's shoulder.
"My wife and your doctor."

"Temperence keeps me happy and alive." The Irishman grunts,
shaking his head. "That's what they tell me, the doctor
and my family. How long have you been married?"

"Almost ten years." George speaks softly and looks
into the harbor, trying to see the sailor. "She takes care
of my steins." He sighs and looks at the ground.
"Sometimes I leave her in bed and go to look at
those steins. I read the poems and look at the people
dancing on them and look at the bottom where 'Germany'
is stamped, and I think about leaving."

The Irishman stares at George, frowning. "Leaving?"

"Natalie's a good woman, but not as good as
she used to be. My job was never any good. I feel like
I'm trapped in a cocoon. I like to think
of getting out of it, ripping it into so many pieces
that you won't be able to tell what it once was.
I think of going away, to Germany, or Ireland."
George breathes deeply, waiting for the Irishman's response.

The Irishman wheezes, his eyes glinting like
marbles sunk in burlap. "And that's why," he says,
"that's why you come to visit with me, to hear
me talk about Ireland?" His eyes begin to fade.

George nods, breathing deeper. "I have pictures
of Ireland, pictures of Germany. I look at them
sometimes and read the poems. I know I'm ready to do someth

A car stops nearby and the Irishman's daughter gets out
and walks toward him. He tries to stand, his face
turning red as he pulls himself up. George helps him
and stands beside until the woman arrives and
leads him away. The Irishman turns and smiles
kindly. "Don't be hard on your wife," he says.
"She's a good woman. She takes care of your steins."

George puts on his cap. "I'm tired of her."
The muscles in his neck tighten. "I'm tired."

The Irishman waves his hand. "We're all tired.
I'm tired too. Your wife's tired. Your father
was tired and wanted to go somewhere else
when he told you about those steins. He bought
them in a gift shop and told you they're real.
In German, 'Germany' is 'Deutshland.' Do you see?
We all get tired and want to go somewhere new
and do something new. But we can't. We learn
to accept it. I'm no longer in Ireland, and
I accept it." His daughter smiles, squeezing his arm.

George glances at her, then stares at him.

"See you tomorrow?" The Irishman's daughter tugs
his arm. "Will I see you tomorrow?"

George looks at the ground and then at the harbor
where the sailboat is floundering. "See you tomorrow," he says.

III The Edge

The wind that blew your hair aside
revealed the mole you kept well-concealed.
Your neck was bare and vulnerable, the veins
glowing through the translucent skin.
When you smiled and walked away, I knew your secret.

I walked along the sea wall, passed an excited young
couple, the boy pushing the girl along with his
gentle arm. I passed a man who leaned far
over the railing, as if he'd lost something
in the water. He didn't move, not even
when his cap fell into the harbor.

THE QUEST FOR DRAGONS

cat diamond's red

M. T. Jackson, III

I sing of a gypsy in the marketplace
Demona of the little villian bands.
She dances wildly with cat diamond's red
Until gold ducats fall from woodmen's hands.

I pursued her with my Friday wages
Amidst the passions of apprentice fools.
She teases and yet the cat diamond's red
Hides from thievery her olive-skin jewels.

Clever was I but the cleverest he,
A sailor celestial tonight.
Thief and pirate of the cat diamond's red,
He held fragrance, her exotic delight.

Pencil Drawing
Randy Tolbert

Bankers

Bill Rowe

They exchange knowing glances,
and then turn and give you that smug grin
that makes you feel like you've been caught
wetting your pants. And indeed, you have.

You smile meekly. It's an Oscar-winning job
when you realize that the anger and frustration
welling up inside you is going to spray
your scrambled eggs and granola all over their

three piece suits and manicured nails
and fifty dollar hair styles, and expensive dental work,
and their smug grins, and their knowing glances,
and you settle for wetting your pants some more.

Sunday

Martin E. Jackson

Ice cream.
A kid.
A sweet, sticky mess;
For a youngster delight,
For an oldster distress.

disconnected phrases

Charles Hames

Was once a pretty, tiny birdie,
in wood embowered 'neath azure
skies; no, there is no bearing
with these spiteful neighbors
with secret nooks in shady spots.
A tremor in the branches . . .
Nightingale sing thy sweetest song.
Birds in the air will stray afar
from yon hills the torrent speeds,
locksmith, ho, a hundred padlocks:
Now you muses be hushed;
O tender shepherd hear.
The summer day has passed away.

Pencil Drawing
Lee Holroyd

Ghosts in the Tunnel

Jimmy Smith

The boy stands in the culvert,
one foot on either side of the

stream. The water makes conversational
sounds as it runs through and the cars

that pass over leave hollow sounds
that are washed away. The boy yells

and he hears the voices of a thousand
other boys. The water trickles continuously.

Cowboy

Ron Robinson

Seeking the wisdom of Gibran and the toughness of Eastwood the college cowboy sits by his plugged in lantern and wanders through tomorrow hoping at least one of the nuggets which he has put in his saddlebags over the past four years will be worth something. And as he looks down to his feet, he remembers how they were when he came here. The spurs which were once shiny and straight are now twisted and tarnished. But the boots are still pretty good. When he dies, they can take the spurs off, but they will have to bury him with his boots on.

Financial Statement for *The Journal*, 1977-1978

Budget for the Year			$4000.00
Expenses			
1000 *Journals*---October Issue	$706.63		
1000 *Journals*---December Issue	725.82		
1000 *Journals*---March Issue	848.29		
1000 *Journals*---May Issue (estimate)	825.00		
Total		$3105.74	
Editor's Salary		300.00	
South Carolina Collegiate Press Assoc. Dues		45.00	
Cash Prize for *The Journal* Short Story Award Contest		25.00	
Supplies		23.15	
Postage (estimate)		5.00	
Total Expenses			$3503.89
Balance			$496.11

Editor's note: I extend a special thanks to this year's **Journal** *staff, Professors Minus and Dooley, and to ALL of the contributors to* **The Journal**. *Good luck during 1978-79!*

SNB